

Regimental History
of the
316th INFANTRY



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From Carl E. Glock
Captain 316th Infantry
1107 The Victor Place, E.E.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

History

OF THE

316th Regiment of Infantry



IN THE

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Citation of Regiment

Headquarters 79th Division
Am. E. F., France.

27 November, 1918.

From: Commanding General.

To: C.O. 316th Infantry, through C.G. 158th Infantry
Brigade.

Subject: Commendation of Regiment.

1. In the final offensive on the heights East of the Meuse and North of Verdun the task of breaking the enemy's resistance at the Borne de Cornouiller (Hill 378) devolved upon the 316th Regiment of Infantry. Stubbornly defended by the enemy, this tactically strong point presented an obstacle of the most serious character. In spite of all difficulties the Regiment succeeded after three days heavy fighting, November 4th to 6th, in capturing and finally holding the Borne de Cornouiller, in breaking the enemy's resistance and contributing materially to driving the enemy from the heights East of the Meuse a few days later.

2. Numerous authenticated instances of gallantry, tenacity and endurance have come to the Commanding General's notice, proving beyond question that the Regiment acquitted itself with the greatest credit and in a manner worthy of the best American traditions.

3. The Commanding General takes great pride in the achievements of the Regiment and directs that you bring this letter to the attention of your command.

JOSEPH E. KUHN,
Major General, U.S.A.

JEK-ep

1ST IND.

Hq. 158th Infantry Brig., American E.F., 28 November, 1918. To: Commanding Officer, 316th Infantry.

1. Transmitted. It is with pleasure that the Brigade Commander transmits this well-deserved letter of commendation from the Division Commander. Now that the immediate fighting would appear to be over, it should be an incentive

to every officer and soldier of the 316th Infantry to maintain under existing conditions, by its appearance, training and discipline, the high standard gained on the field of battle.

EVAN M. JOHNSON,
Brigadier General, Commanding.

2D IND.

Headquarters 316th Infantry, A.E.F., 29 November, 1918.

To all Battalion Commanders and Commanding Officers of Headquarters Co., Machine Gun Co., Supply Co., and Sanitary Detachment.

1. The present Commanding Officer of the 316th Infantry takes pleasure in transmitting this letter of commendation from the Commanding General, together with the indorsement of commendation added by the Brigade Commander, to the members of the command. He congratulates Colonel George Williams and Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Haedicke, who successively commanded the Regiment at the Borne de Cornouiller, and all the officers and men who participated in the combat of November 4th to 6th, on the excellent work they performed at that time, and on the splendid name they won for the Regiment. The high standard set in combat will be the standard aimed at in training for combat.

* * * * *

GARRISON McCASKEY,
Colonel, 316th Infantry.

Preface

On the shell-torn slopes of the Borne de Cornouiller—amid the ghostly ruins of the Bois de Beuge beyond towering Montfaucon—in the toilsome marches of weary nights through the black wreckage of a devastated France—there is written the real history of the 316th Infantry Regiment. The Meuse and the Argonne spell its glory.

The roll of its dead and maimed proclaims the measure of its sacrifice. The ordeals of their living comrades attest its devotion. The sum of their efforts is inscribed in the annals of victory—a page in the immortal book of the American Expeditionary Forces.

No thought of self-emulation inspires the record here set forth. It is a plain narrative of one American regiment—its trials and triumphs.

The Honor Roll

Meuse-Argonne Offensive (Montfaucon)

	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Officers..	10	27	0	0	37
Men....	126	711	125	0	962

Troyon Sector

	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Officers..	0	1	0	0	1
Men....	5	106	0	0	111

Grande Montagne Offensive (Hill 378)

	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Officers..	7	15	0	3	25
Men....	151	491	108	50	800

Total

	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Officers..	17	43	0	3	63
Men....	282	1,308	233	50	1,873

Grand Total, 1,936

I

The Formation of the Regiment at Camp Meade

On a sultry day in early September, 1917, a wanderer on the flatlands that stretch away into tangled woods near a cluster of houses marked Admiral, Md., on very elaborate maps only might have noted a curious sight, and if he had listened very attentively, heard sounds still more curious.

A group of perspiring men appeared to be going through military evolutions, but on their shoulders seemed to be insignia generally associated with officers of the United States Army. Yet, here they were going through the vulgar maneuvers generally believed to be reserved for buck privates and "candidates." And as they columned and turned, under their breaths they muttered imprecations addressed to strange deities and fearsome prayers to a smiling heaven.

Officers all! Brand new officers, hot from the frying pan of the first R. O. T. C., at Fort Niagara, New York, marking time until that day when the villages and farms and cities should spill into the lap of Mars the human material that was to crush an empire. "Marking time" is strictly accurate, for, obeying War Department Orders, they had, on August 29, 1917, reported at this then desolate spot, and were now by command of Colonel Oscar J. Charles, commanding officer of the 316th Infantry, National Army, engaged in practicing those things which they were soon to inflict on unsuspecting thousands.

Forgive them the imprecations and the prayers! A Maryland sun beat down on a Maryland sand lot, and they were tired, very tired from the fifteen days exhaustive dancing in the celebrated cabarets of awakened Philadelphia—and long nights of last farewells to the "finest girl in the world."

So they drilled—right face, left face, squads right, squads left—for an interminable fortnight while about them sprang up a magic city, much as towns used to arise overnight in the gold rush of '49. When they arrived at this wilderness, called Camp Meade, only a handful of buildings bared their roofs to the blistering sun. Other officers—hundreds of

them—arrived at the same time, and they were crowded for sleeping purposes, head to head, and side by side, in a barracks designated as 35-A, away over on that site where later the colored troops were established. Rations were meager and they ate sparingly what a horde of angry flies agreed to leave them. Nights were long, but the W. B. & A. did not run into camp then and it was a long, tiresome walk to Admiral, so they spent the nights studying their little I. D. R.—as all good officers should—and waiting for the dread task ahead of them. They had wedded a new profession and felt just about as forlorn as the proverbial bridegroom.

On August 30, General Orders No. 2, Headquarters 316th Infantry, had informed them of their future companies, then non-existent, just as General Orders No. 2, Headquarters 79th Division, had assigned them to the Regiment. It was not until September 19 that the first contingent of men arrived—about sixty to a company—from the central and southeastern portions of Pennsylvania. Farmers, miners, steel-workers, mechanics, clerks, village cut-ups and ministers' sons, teachers, and laborers unsullied by contact with the alphabet—all sorts and conditions of men, all somewhat dazed by this sudden change in the current of their even lives, but all stirred by a vague something that told them they were part and parcel of the greatest epoch in history.

How good that material was, later developments showed to an amazed world. Now it needed shaping and tempering and forging in the stern school of the army that was to make soldiers out of civilians. Came then the casting away of "cits"—many of them destined for destitute Belgium, and the donning of "O.D." Presto! change! At 9 A. M. Civilian Jim—at 9.15, Private Jones.

The officers earned their pay those days—drilling, marching, teaching; organizing a company out of a mob; training a shipping clerk to know the difference between a service-record and an invoice; raising an iron-moulder to be a supply sergeant; and turning a star pugilist into a mess-sergeant. Busy days, but gradually order out of chaos. The military "sir" began to replace "yeah," and saluting became a habit, much to the salute's own surprise.

Aladdin kept rubbing the lamp, and the wonders city kept growing so that by the time the fourth or fifth contingent arrived—there was a new one about every two weeks—a good sized town stood where once a desert lay. Each incre-

ment meant a vast amount of paper work and hours spent in equipping and reorganization. Chevrons flourished—an army of non-commissioned officers was created almost overnight, and most of them made good, a great number eventually winning commissions.

On December 15 a flock of new officers, graduates of the second training camps, arrived, and for a few weeks or longer, many companies had as high as double their quota of officers. The new arrivals were welcomed to Meade in three notable addresses by Colonel Charles, the then Lieutenant-Colonel Knowles, and Brigadier-General Hatch. The first convinced them that the knowledge of a second camp graduate was extremely, oh very extremely, limited and his place in life mighty humble; the second showed them that their first impressions were too lenient to themselves, and the third completed their disillusionment.

Among later arrivals were officers from southern and other cantonments, including Lieutenant Francis D. Johnson who had started as a private in the engineers, although long past draft age, and who was destined to win a captain's bars before his heroic death at 378. "Alaska" Johnson he was called by his friends, and he was one of the best loved officers in the Regiment.

Christmas, 1917, was a right joyful holiday with thousands of Meade men on leave, fully aware that it might be their last Christmas in the States, and getting every ounce of enjoyment out of it possible. A few companies were held in quarantine, but with the aid of company funds managed to feast well, if not hilariously. New Year's Day passed in much the same manner with the W. B. & A. again taxed beyond its capacity, and the streets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and a score of smaller towns swarming with khaki.

And now, even with the winter snows upon the ground, came the first vague whispers of sailing. Rumor is a hardy bird and waits not for balmy days to spread its wings. The 79th, it seemed according to Lieutenant Laytreen, was to depart some time in February—or was it May? Strangely enough, commanding officers seemed to place no credence in this report, for drilling, schools, fatigue, assault course building, gas training, and all those things that make a camp a regular rest resort, kept on with unabated fervor, despite howling winds and swirling snow, and a winter that old Uncle Josh Odenton himself admitted not having seen the like of for many a year.

The stamina that was to stand men in such good stead in later days amid other scenes was now developed by work on an elaborate trench system with all modern conveniences, including open plumbing. This trench system was a marvel to behold. The Kriemheld Stellung was a dingy ditch beside it. It was a masterpiece, a work of art, and, of course, nobody thought of profaning it by using it. So there it lay in lonesome grandeur in those Meade woods and plains, the apple of the engineer's eye, too sacred for a vulgar doughboy to desecrate, except when it needed fixin'. Classes in field fortification, under Captain Dorrance Reynolds (later a major on the General Staff) used to go out and view it in silent awe. Not so grand and vast, but sweeter and neater, a thing to catch a maiden's eye of a Sunday afternoon, was the assault course, planned, executed and execrated, tenderly nursed and violently cursed, tended like a fairy garden by the 316th, all by itself, just beyond the Sahara Desert. Across a nice convenient swamp lay this course, with its nursery and trick-balancing runs, its Chinese walls and terraced lawns, its murally decorated butts—and everything. Through many a bitter winter day the 316th labored on this masterpiece, matching log for log, with an eye to color effect that would have delighted an artist; transplanting sod to hide the rude earth; massaging away unsightly creases, cutting down a forest to get limbs guaranteed to tickle a Sunday promenader's fancy, scrupulously cutting an inch from that trench and a millimeter from this to make 'em even, until, as gentle spring waned and glorious summer burst into bloom, this thing of beauty and joy forever bloomed into rapturous being. A proud, glorious Sunday that, when the 316th led its best girl to the entrancing scene and said "Voila, mademoiselle"—or words to that effect.

Followed many days of tight-rope walking, wall scaling, vaulting of strange obstacles, and a specially patented brand of shooting, trademark registered, in which your rifle was held in a vise and all you had to do was pull the trigger—and up went the red flag. Meanwhile, daily guard mount, impressive proceedings, usually carried out in fear and trembling, for reasons good and sufficient. Followed also exciting games of "hide and seek" and "I spy" between the man on No. 1 Post and the Commanding Officer, and much shouting of "Turn out the guard" with the consequent bustle in the guard house, then the inevitable "Never mind the guard." Lung-developing days those, in which the

most shrinking private learned to bawl "Halt, who's there" as stentoriously as Gabriel's horn—especially if the sentry happened to be stationed near officers' barracks at two in the morning.

And those never-to-be-forgotten bayonet drills in which the proper, gentlemanly, sportsmanlike way to stick a Boche was impressed with unending and elaborate detail. With what emotions of chagrin and distress one received the knowledge that pushing the gleaming blade into the Boche's innards and jerking it out—presto!—like that—was all wrong, all wrong! Hand up, recite a verse from Evangeline—look fierce—now—one, two, and "on guard." Simple, but marvellous. Technique, that was the magic password in those days and under Lieutenants Bliss and McKeen and Hoffman a system of bayonetting was evolved guaranteed to muss up with expedition and despatch any Boche who came near enough. The ungrateful Boche later spoiled this scheme by "Kamarading" when you got within a hundred yards of him—but the system was great, just like a successful operation in which the patient dies. Whether it killed Boches or not, it developed, or was supposed to, that blood-lust which the bayonet manual says lies latent in everybody, and the meat ration had to be increased and cornwillie and goldfish began to taste vapid and insipid. The will to kill—br-r-r—it sets your teeth on edge to say it—sure did flourish then. Saturday and Sunday found 'em as loving as she pleased—but weekdays it was eat-em-alive—r-r-r! Oh, boy!

Flourished likewise a chain of schools—divisional, regimental, company—teaching every conceivable thing that anyone thought a soldier should know, from the sum of sine plus cosine to the specific gravity of diethylsulphide—whatever that is. Non-com schools, officers' schools, field officers' schools, geometry, chemistry, engineering, close order; reading, writing, arithmetic, close order; geography, geology, close order; I. D. R., F. S. R., M. C. M., A. W., M. F. F. O. S. U., science, history, religion, ethics, and close order!; Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Canadians, even Americans, for teachers. Enough text-books to pave a road from Baltimore to Aix-les-Bains!

The business of soldiering, it seemed, was a complicated proposition. To kill or get killed, that sounded simple enough; but it gradually sank into the 316th's consciousness that before you get a Boche or he got you, one had to be a professor, clairvoyant, pugilist and magician rolled together.

So they studied and worked, studied and drilled with growing appetites and muscles, and out of the mob that arrived in September, and later in May and June, gradually evolved an army efficient, snappy and wise—oh, very wise. A lot of this knowledge was later salvaged with the barracks bags, but there's enough right now to keep the U. S. A. going for years and years.

Never was lost sight of the axiom that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and there were baseball, basketball, football, volleyball teams, boxing bouts, wrestling bouts galore—also a curious game played with two ivory squares called "Baby needs a new pair of shoes." At Peuvillers and Heippes and Orquevaux, "L.," "M.," Headquarters—and maybe others—were still intent on seeing that this particularly beloved infant didn't go barefoot. Who does that child belong to, anyhow?

Company funds were growing steadily, despite steady inroads for extras, ice-cream and cake and so on (there are such things), and Captain Van Dyke spent part of his ration fund for a piano, much to the surprise of a finicky inspector who hadn't known up to that time that pianos were edible. The Regimental Exchange, under Lieutenant Dyer, did a land office business in candy and cakes and boots and bevo and queer-beer, and silk pillow tops and enough other things to stock a general store in Lake Forest, Iowa.

Amidst all his multifarious duties, the Commanding Officer managed to keep a fatherly eye on the band, and to its leader gave suggestions and helpful hints not dreamed of in that young man's musical philosophy. It was this paternal solicitude which led the Commanding Officer to point out the crude way in which the trombone players handled their instruments—no cadence to their push and pull at all, at all, make it one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four. It was the same beautiful motive which led to the condemnation of that system which allowed a little man to play a big bass drum and a big man a tiny fife. So, expertly guided, the band, like the rest of the Regiment, equalized, expedited, and went ahead in earnest and with a mission.

Constantly the complexion of the Regiment changed, for as early as October 15, great drafts of men were transferred to southern divisions and special units throughout the United States. This constant flux continued until as late as June, approximately 80,000 men being trained in the 79th, of whom only about 28,000 were retained.

While at first the 316th was almost exclusively mid-Pennsylvanian in makeup, by the time it sailed, New York, Ohio, Connecticut, and Philadelphia had contributed a large share to its composition. In its career overseas its complexion changed to an even greater degree, forty-three states being represented on the rolls when the outfit sailed for home, a situation which pleased company clerks immensely—ask 'em.

If there was one more beloved feature of life at Camp Meade than another it surely was that mysterious rite known as being "inoculated." You couldn't belong to the lodge without it. Immediately on arrival, every enlisted man and officer was led gently but firmly to the regimental infirmary where, with Major Cornwell or Lieutenant Bourque or Lieutenant Gibbons murmuring an outlandish incantation to a strange deity, each novice had his arm punctured and injected with a serum guaranteed to fend off typhoid, malaria, hives, flat feet, that tired feeling on Monday morning, coughs, colds, irritation of the mucous membrane, tonsillitis, and all the ills which, up to this time, Mrs. Pinkham was generally supposed to have the only cure for.

Later, as the learned medical profession discovered new diseases, there were more inoculations. Life became one damned inoculation after another. If there had been wound stripes issued for inoculations, many men would have needed four-sleeved blouses.

One year after America entered the war the Division had been so depleted by constant drafts that it was far from the imposing mass that sailed abroad, but the remnant paraded the streets of Baltimore on April 6. As the review by General Pershing may be considered the climax of the 79th's career in France, so the review by President Wilson may be considered the climax of its life in the States. The hike to and from Baltimore was the first real test of endurance the Division experienced, and the men stood it like veterans. None more so than the 316th, the only Regiment to make the return trip under full packs.

The great adventure was still ahead, the haze of glory hung undimmed by contact with war's horrors, and it was a swinging, unwearied column that marched, bayonets fixed, through the crowded streets, with their cheering thousands. No sign in that martial gait of the weary kilometers tramped the day before. The 79th was the first division to be reviewed by the President. It was the first time the public had a

real look at the National Army in war array, and the tremendous ovation, the unsparing encomiums, the high praise of the President, and his party, gave emphatic evidence that the Division "looked good," looked like the fighters they later proved to be. Baltimore said "They'll do." There was widespread comment, tinged with justified amazement, at the wondrous change that had been wrought in the men taken a few months before from all walks of civilian life.

One of the hardest ordeals of that march, by the way, was the constant barrage of remarks from the sidelines. By April 6 there wasn't a girl in Baltimore not deformed who didn't have at least one caller from Meade to make life less gloomy. And they were all out for the parade. Solomon was not arrayed as one of these, but they were there to be heard as well as be seen. It was a test of discipline, a cruel test, to run the gauntlet of remarks—"Oh, you Fred!" "Oh! doesn't Jim look grand!" "Why, there's that fat lieutenant who danced with me!" "Hello, John, don't forget tonight!"—to run that gauntlet and keep faces straight, eyes to the front, heads erect, never a smile or wink. But they did it; every man in the 316th looked at the back of the neck of the man in front of him and snapped to eyes right as the lines swept by the President.

Now that parade seems like a minor event in the history of the Regiment against the background of the Bois de Beuge and 378, but then it was a great happening, a red-letter day. The sun beat down that day with a June intensity, the pavements underneath were hard and jarring, marching at attention for four or five hours is no jest under the easiest conditions, but the high morale that prevailed was indicated that evening in a grand scramble for "passes" and an hilarious night in Baltimore. The dance halls showed doughboys who looked fatigued not at all, and Jim learned from her own fair lips just how grand he did look. Happy days.

The Regiment camped in a city park and all the gayety wasn't downtown, for there was an avalanche of visitors, all loud in their admiration. That garden-like camp, with its geometric rows of pup-tents and spotless company streets was somewhat different from Camp de Normandie—or Rupt—or Hannonville—or Malancourt. The Regiment slept on the ground that night, and some there were who thought this was hardship. Later on they were to realize what a luxury a pup-tent can be.

And the next day the hike back—twenty-three miles or so

of straight tramping under an unsparing sun over sandy roads that choked the lungs and made eyes smart and feet burn and ache. Even in the midst of the hardest days of the campaign in France, that was still voted to have been "some hike." Few, very few, fell by the wayside, a remarkable record under the circumstances, and one that spoke volumes for the hardy condition of the troops.

The following weeks found the Regiment busy on the rifle range, a long mile from the camp. Keen interest was displayed. Orders from G. H. Q. across the seas had warned American commanders to allow nothing to overshadow the importance of the rifle as the infantryman's main reliance in combat. Many men had never fired a rifle before, but an excellent average was maintained, and, as the *Philadelphia Ledger* remarked, commenting on the 316th's showing, it was again demonstrated that the Yank is the best natural shot in the world. The McNab system, which was later to play so large a part in range work, had not then appeared, but both in rapid and slow fire, at 100, 200, 300, 500 and 600, marks worthy of a regular army organization were made. The so-called Enfield got a real try out and made good, particularly at the shorter ranges.

Again rumors and more changes. Hundreds of men were transferred to other cantonments, many to sail almost immediately for France. In May that feeling which indicates a long, long journey, as the fortune tellers say, was strong. Other National Army divisions had gone or were about to go. The 79th was known to be highly thought of at Washington, and the sailing date, everybody thought, was only a matter of weeks. Replacements began coming in by the thousands—first from Philadelphia, then Ohio, New York, Connecticut, and lastly from the divisional artillery, so that by July the Regiment, receiving its pro-rata share, was brought to almost war strength on the new basis of 250 men and six officers to a company. Long before this most of the second camp officers had been transferred elsewhere, so that it was for the most part officers who had been with the outfit from its organization who prepared it for sailing and took it across.

June witnessed a riot of rumors, an orgy of "I hears." It was an absolute fact—oh, absolutely beyond peradventure of a doubt, that the 79th was going to Italy. Smiles in the Italian contingent—well represented in the 316th—and scowls among those who thought France meant Paris. Then

the destination was switched to Russia, with a wealth of minute detail that forbade any doubt. Happiness in the Slav contingent—horror among the boys accustomed to steam heated flats in Williamsburg or South Philadelphia.

The advance party, Major Atwood, Major Dodge, Captain Loane, and a score of others from the 316th, sailed, and rumor halted. It was France, and the Western Front. Followed then a frenzy of preparations, day and night. A war department expert solemnly informed the assembled officers that unless every service record had every i dotted and every t crossed; every qualification record, medical record, pay card, range record, Form 88, 170, 95 and so forth and so on, arranged exactly like this, and not like that, in a pine box cut from a tree grown by a one-legged farmer on a tax-free and unencumbered plot in Hill Valley, Arizona—and unless this box was precisely five feet 8.2836 inches long, one foot 6.7985 inches wide and two feet 4.5329 inches high—why the 79th might as well think of getting on a transport at Hoboken as of flying across the Atlantic. It just couldn't be done. And then about the records, gentlemen, those papers must be exact, minute, precise!—and here General Kuhn interrupted to observe that paper work was all right but if it kept on at the present rate, who in the dickens was going to do the fighting? Only, of course, the General didn't use those very words. Well, the expert was sure it was all very, very simple, and anyhow, once in France, no more paper work. (Baron Munchausen here turned over in his grave).

Bustle—all day long and many nights. Marking of all equipment, this was absolutely essential. It gives distinction to a salvage pile to have things marked. You know whose stuff you're getting then. Inspections, all kinds and varieties, until that last, final one when everything was laid out for the inspectors who counted it and checked it and re-checked it and counted it, and then used their records to start a fire with—which they did very well indeed. But before that, requisitions, extra everything, especially shoe laces, without which, believe the inspector, the Kaiser could positively not be licked. More requisitions until everybody was decorated like a Christmas tree and rarin' to go.

And all this, of course, strictly on the Q. T. The Boche had long ears in those days and everybody was solemnly warned that he had 'em open for news of the 79th. Everything was done in strict secrecy. Of course, a million or so

home folks saw everything packed that last Sunday; "to-rent" signs on the barracks, and the trains waiting on the sidings. A million more saw the convoy glide out of Hoboken after other thousands in Baltimore and Philadelphia had cheered the departing heroes—but aside from those few exceptions it was very, very secret.

And so, on Sunday, July 7, 1918, good bye to Meade. The sun was sinking behind deserted barracks when the first trains, regular passenger cars, pulled out. An all night trip, much singing and cheering, and Jersey City in the gray dawn. Then by ferry to Hoboken, and France suddenly loomed on the horizon. It was a sobered crowd that, with delicious Red Cross buns under their belts, filed aboard the waiting liners at the Hamburg-American piers, past an inspector who asked few questions and gave barely a glance at service records or boxes or equipment or inoculation records. That was a bitter blow—all that work and all those inoculations—and not a look. Such is life.

A night then aboard ship, M and Supply Companies on *La France*, the rest of the Regiment on the *Agamemnon*, formerly the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. The *Mount Vernon*, *America* and *Orizaba*, all in weird camouflage, made up the remainder of the convoy. The *Leviathan*, giant of all transports, had sailed the day previous with the 315th Infantry. Colonel Charles was in command of the Brigade and troop commander aboard the *Agamemnon*.

The subway was filling with its evening rush crowd, the commuter was jamming the ferries to Jersey; the lights of Manhattan were barely awakening into radiance; the thoughts of some millions of busy humans were turning once more to home in tenement or flat or mansion as the *Agamemnon*, with a hoarse blast of its siren, left its dock and floated down the river, past the crowded ferries, past the figure of Liberty, out into the wide Atlantic.

Behind lay the imposing sky-line of New York, a mass of majestic ghosts in the twilight—ahead, France, and the Western battle front.

II

The Voyage Overseas

La France had left a few hours earlier with Colonel Jervey as troop commander, engineers being in the preponderance. The following morning saw the convoy united and well out on the Atlantic. The armed escort dropped away as the first "danger zone"—for the U-boats had invaded the western Atlantic—was left behind. For the majority of men it was the first ocean trip, and it took them some hours to get their sea-legs and learn the difference between stern and bow, starboard and port. A big liner is a mirror maze to the average landlubber, and there were many laughable instances of being lost for hours trying to find one's way about the intricate passageways. All things considered, there was comparatively little seasickness.

From the beginning a rigid discipline was instituted. Life belts were worn at all times, and "Abandon ship" drills were held regularly. Submarine audacity was at its height at that time, and matter-of-fact as things might appear on the surface, out somewhere on the horizon lurked possible death. No one was inclined to shirk drills, and it took no urging to make men quit their bunks promptly and line up along the rail. A constant, if suppressed, feeling of danger kept the trip from getting monotonous. Sleeping aboard the *Agamemnon* had to be done in shifts because of the limited conditions, but otherwise the vessel, as far as convenience for the men went, was far superior to *La France* which was making its first trip as a transport. For, on the *Agamemnon*, the food was plentiful and substantial, a bounteous canteen supplied extras of all kinds, but on *La France* some one had miscalculated, and the first few days meals were irregular and scanty and not of the best, even in limited quantities. It was their first contact with French ways and customs, and to tell the truth it wasn't a favorable introduction. *La France* was French controlled and manned, and preparations were apparently not all they should have been, although a valiant effort was made to remedy the situation. At first

carrying parties in queues that crowded the hatches had to wait for hours so that breakfast sometimes became lunch and lunch supper, but finally a system was evolved. The men on *La France* got the jump on the rest of the Regiment in one respect, for here they made their first acquaintance with "vin blanc" at a dollar (no francs those days) a bottle, a lead by the way which in later days both M and Supply Companies had a hard time keeping.

For the first few days the trip was uneventful—drills, setting-up exercises, sleep—and a bit of that uneasy feeling which a rolling ship will develop in the most hardened of stomachs—not seasickness, oh dear no! Then, as mid-Atlantic was passed appeared one day far off on the horizon a tiny speck dead ahead—another on the port side—another way over there to starboard—specks which took on shape and substance with astonishing rapidity—and there they were—Uncle Sam's own—grim destroyers in their war paint, the Nemesis of the U-boat—the guardian angel of the troop laden transport. That was the first real thrill of the trip and many a man slept slightly better that night.

The convoy under this armed escort sailed on with new confidence, first one ship ahead, then another, *La France* usually in the rear and the clumsy *Orizaba* struggling to keep up with the procession. The event of the voyage is still shrouded in mystery, for those were the days of rigid censorship, but on a dark night the *America* cut an English clipper square in two and just missed a collision with *La France*. That much was soon general knowledge, but to most just how many men were lost and how many saved remained a closed book. And a day later came the first real submarine scare, after days of fruitless watching over endless seas and constant straining of eyes. There was a deal of libeling inoffensive dolphins, and even a harmless flying fish was now and then taken for a bloodthirsty agent of the Kaiser, but until this real scare, the natty little guns on each liner's deck had kept silent. Finally they spoke, for out 1,000 yards to port the skipper of *La France* had seen a bobbing periscope. A shouting of French commands, a bustle of movement, a sudden crowding to the rails—the neat little cannon barked angrily—and, if you believe the skipper, one German submarine went where it belonged, another souvenir for Davy Jones. And to make that twice assured a destroyer circled about, dropped a depth bomb or two, and sped on. Everybody cheered—first glimpse of

war. A deck is a much nicer place to watch a war from than a shell-hole, when all's said and done.

Of course there were other submarine scares. Lieutenant Renshaw saw a whole fleet of 'em and he had a lot of competition. Field glasses were mighty popular.

Customary scene:

A bright cloudless day. An intent lieutenant gazing earnestly through a pair of double E's. Naught but dancing waves. Suddenly:

"I see one, by Jiminy. Look, Shorty."

Shorty takes the glasses, stares a long moment and hands them back in disgust.

"Thunder," he says, scornfully, "another one of them fool dolphins."

Follows a heated argument until the spouter comes into plainer view, and an "I told you so" ends the incident.

With the exception of one day when a choppy sea and a sudden storm made things a bit uncomfortable, the weather throughout the trip was as nearly ideal as could be desired, and when the convoy, minus armed escort, sighted Brest, the sun shone brilliantly overhead and the great Americanized port presented a surpassingly beautiful scene—sunny France indeed!

On July 18 the Regiment debarked, and then began a weary, toilsome march through the backyard of Brest, over laborious hills, between scampering gamins who shouted a strange word of welcome that sounded like "cigaret" and another that resembled "chocolat." Later, marches like that became a thing to smile at, but with their land legs not recovered, and packs encumbered with all manner of useless articles, this comparatively short hike was a real ordeal for most of the men. The "rest camp"—a volume could be written about that—was finally reached, and in a pouring rain, camp was pitched. It rains 300 days out of the 365 in Brest, and the time the 316th spent there was not part of the 65. The American organization was just about in the midst of its tremendous task in those days, and there were a lot of rough edges on Brest that hadn't been polished. The "rest camp" was one, and a billion million flies didn't help matters any.

Here also came the first experience with French tradesmen—or rather, tradeswomen. In their quaint Breton costumes, the peasant women, who soon flocked to the camp, as a bee flies to honey, looked demure and unsophisticated.

But beneath that simple exterior lay a sharp sense of opportunity—golden opportunity. Figs, twenty cents for two, or was it three? dates, a quarter for a half dozen; cake, a piece as big as your forefinger for a dime; mangy oranges, a dime apiece—no matter what the price, rations were a bit slim, and what good's money, anyhow, when you're going to war. So the men bought recklessly and prices rose steadily, as they always will, in the good old U. S. A. just as well as in France.

In the yards at Brest, piled high with three million unsorted trunks, bedding rolls, barrack bags, ice-making plants, rolling kitchens, and all the paraphernalia of a nation at war, special details worked valiantly to recover the Regiment's freight and baggage. And for the most part it was obtained—although a great many barrack bags and some freight went to unhonored graves or some salvage pile.

More packing, more hiking, and on July 21, trains bearing the queer inscription: "Hommes 40 Chevaux 8"—(oh, to be a chevaux!)—were boarded, with the 12th Training Area as the destination. American railroad service got a big boost then and there. After riding on a French cattle car, trying to sleep with Jim on one leg, Jack on the other, and Tom leaning up against his back, Private Doughboy decided that never again would he say a word against the B. & O. or even the W. B. & A. The trip across France lasted three nights and four days—and when they weren't too tired to look, even the men from the garden spot of Pennsylvania admitted it was "some beautiful country." Right through the heart of France, St. Brieue, Rennes, Laval, Angers, Tours, with a glimpse of the lovely valley of the Loire-Nevers and its Red Cross nurses and hot coffee, Dijon and Is-sur-Tille, another symbol of America awake, where a halt of several hours was made for a canteen meal and a wash.

The journey was an eye-opener, a liberal education. It revealed to these thousands of Americans the great part their country was playing and the enormous organization needed to play that part effectively; it was their first introduction to their brothers in arms—Poilus and Yanks—of whom there were thousands along the route, and it gave them a better sense of true proportions to realize how small a factor even a division was in all this immensity.

III

Training in France

At the last moment the 316th's destination was changed, the 10th instead of the 12th Training Area being assigned to the 79th, and on July 24th the Regiment reached the Prauthoy Area, in the Department of Haute Marne, detraining at Vaux-sous-Aubigny, and the various organizations took up the march for their several destinations.

Choilley was chosen for Regimental Headquarters, but Chassigny, assigned to the Third Battalion and the Machine Gun Company, was probably the most commodious village in the entire district. The First Battalion occupied Percey-le-Grand and Percey-le-Petit; the Second Battalion, Cusey, Isome, and Dardenay; the Supply Company, Dommarien—all very much alike with red-roofed, ancient gabled houses and the ever-present church keeping watchful guard over a contented flock. Old-fashioned places, these, but picturesque with a charm all their own. It didn't take many days for the men to make themselves at home; to call Therese and Madelon by their first names, and wheedle Madame into preparing heaping dishes of "French fried" and omelets and other dishes that these folks do know how to prepare, whatever the doughboy may think they lack in other respects.

Like most of France, this section of the Haute Marne bears many marks of past wars. The history of the age-long struggle to stem the invader is written large in crumbling Roman ruins, once the outposts of Caesar's legions. At Cusey stands a castle which popular report said was connected by subterranean passageways with a fortress at Montsaugéon, three miles away. No one ever verified this, just as no one ever verified Captain Feuardent's continual discoveries of new ruins. Every fence that turned back an inoffensive cow or made a maneuvering doughboy swear was, if you believed the Captain, a rampart behind which the Gaul had sought to halt Imperial Rome's advance. The skepticism with which some of these discoveries were received by irreverent Yanks pained the good Captain greatly.

The Regiment had barely arrived in its training area when the first tragedy tinged its career in France. At Percy-le-Petit, Sergeant Ray C. Berner, of D Company, seeking to rid himself in the canal nearby of the dust of travel, was drowned before the eyes of his comrades, who tried frantically, but in vain, to save him as he cried for aid and sank from view. Three other deaths from drowning followed in rapid succession, and then the maintenance of a constant guard and rigid regulations governing swimming in the canals averted further fatalities. Swimming became then one of the joys of life. The canal thereabouts is not exactly a limpid stream, but no Atlantic City beach was ever more appreciated after a hard morning's drill.

Billets were soon cleaned up and converted into quite comfortable houses, much to the surprise of the cows and chickens, and within a few days the Regiment was hard at work under an intensive drill schedule that called for reveille at 5.15, and laid out a program of work that made the days at Meade look like a picnic. But with the real thing soon to come, there was genuine zest in the drilling, and rapid progress in the new formations was made. That little red book called "Offensive of Small Units" came into prominent use, and new deployments, grenade throwing, the tactical use of the Browning automatic, the use of cover, and the advantage of wide intervals—all the lessons which allied experience had learned—were impressed and digested with a fervor that augured well for future performance. The 79th was the first division to be equipped with the Browning, and it was a case of love at first sight. French veterans, Captain Feuardent and Lieutenant Castel, gave valuable advice and supervision in the maneuvers and repeatedly expressed satisfaction with the rapid assimilation of the "new" tactics. Company M gave a demonstration of the new formations before General Kuhn and division officers, and was complimented on its efficiency.

Lieutenant-Colonel Knowles was assigned to command of the 315th Regiment, and Major Meador was promoted to take his place. Major Dodge was transferred to the post of making the boys behave in London, and Captain Parkin was soon wearing the gold leaf. Colonel Charles remaining in command of the Brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Meador headed the Regiment. On August 14, Brigadier-General Robert H. Noble took over the Brigade, and Colonel Charles returned to the Regiment.

The greenback began vanishing into the mysterious realm of nowhere, and in no time at all men were talking of francs as though they had never heard of the dollar—but as for the sou and centime, in the financial lexicon of the dough-boy, there never was “any such animile.” The “Y” was soon selling candy and cigarettes and other odds and ends, and occasionally an entertainment with the ever-present Slim Kellum, once a 316th man, helped relieve the tedium of the evenings. The French civilians enjoyed these shows as much as the men in khaki, even if they couldn’t understand the jargon, just as Private Buck seemed to have no difficulty establishing the *entente cordiale*, though the only French word he knew was “Bon jour.” It was some time before he acquired “Promenade avec moi,” and still later before he mastered “Voulez-vous donner moi une baisser”—but then, conversation never was essential in that game—neither in Chassigny, nor Marietta, nor Timbuctoo.

The contingent of officers and non-coms in the “advance party” sent ahead from the States had been detailed to school, and in August returned with a mass of valuable knowledge—the lessons of the Château Thierry Battle and the methods that stopped the Germans at the Marne. In the same month a second detail of officers and non-coms was sent to the Second Corps School at Chatillon, and when they returned the Regiment had moved forward into the battle area.

IV

Staging for the Front

Rumors of a move to the front had been multiplying during the first week in September, and the Supply Officer and the Regimental Surgeon, by their accumulation of supplies brought indisputable evidence that something was in the wind. Meantime, training continued under high pressure, and an elaborate maneuver, distant over a day's march, was planned. The whole Regiment hiked one fine Sunday toward Champlitte and bivouacked in the open fields near the village of Piemont, preparatory to Monday's maneuver, and several officers were sent ahead to reconnoiter the ground. When they returned at dusk to the scene of the bivouac not a pup-tent was to be seen. The Regiment had received sudden orders to return to billets, no reason given. The next day, Labor Day, the routine schedule continued, and suddenly, the following Saturday afternoon, September 7, the march orders were received. Within two hours the Third Battalion, under Major John B. Atwood, marched out of Chassigny in a pouring rain and inky black, bivouacking at midnight.

Sunday is "moving-day" for the 316th, however, and the remainder of the Regiment marched early on the Sabbath, September 8, tramping a long road through Coublanc, Grenant, Saulles, and Belmont to Genevrières, where the Headquarters and Supply Companies and the Second Battalion bivouacked for the night, in a driving rain and high wind which blew down the pup-tents over the men's heads. The First Battalion pushed straight through to Pierrefaites and Monterson to the entraining point at La Ferte-sur-Amance, where they bivouacked in the mud beside the Third Battalion. This first real night of roughing it made a great impression on the men, especially when the rainy morning showed their heap of rations, only half-covered by stinky paulins, soaked through. All that day other organizations were entraining, and, meantime, the remainder of the Regiment arrived, footsore and weary. On the night of

the 9th and early morning of the 10th the Regiment entrained in three separate trains, after distributing rations and boarding horses and freight in the downpour and darkness.

The route was northward on the Paris-Belfort Line, and there was considerable speculation as to the destination; no one knew exactly. Finally the Marne Valley was reached, a beautiful, grassy country, where cattle grazed in peaceful meadows, but the mere sound of the word "Marne" brought curious sensations to the soldiers. Near Chaumont the city where General Pershing had Great Headquarters, a train of troops from the front was passed. They were loaded on flat-cars, and their knocked-up wagons and battered tanks and, most of all, their superior air and bantering remarks, gave the tenderfoot additional food for thought. Finally, in the afternoon, the Regiment arrived in the railroad yards of Revigny, in the Department of the Meuse, north of St. Dizier and a trifle northwest of Bar-le-Duc. Revigny had been entered by the Germans for a short while, and the buildings showed the marks of bombardment. There was little time for sight-seeing, however, for, despite rain, mud, and approaching darkness, the hike commenced at once for billets. Long after nightfall, while the troops were trudging along silently, an Italian division "coming out" was passed on the road. "Hello, John," was the greeting from the American column, and many a surprising answer was returned, like, "John yourself, old fellow; I'm from Brooklyn; what burg are you from?"

Late in the night the Regiment reached its area, in the neighborhood of Robert Espagne, in the towns of Tremont, where Regimental Headquarters was located, and Lisle-en-Rigault, Brillon and Combles. The morning of the 11th brought a little sunshine, and the view of a richer and more citified region than the tiny farmland villages of the Haute Marne, and the soldiers had visions of a few weeks of this staging game. On that evening, however, a great fleet of allied aeroplanes passed overhead, flying eastward, probably a bombing party, and visions of war displaced thoughts of vin rouge. It took two days to thaw out the chill and stiffness of the recent heavy hikes and nights of sleep on the sodden earth, and on the evening of the 13th orders came to be prepared to "go in." Barrack bags filled with surplusage had been stored in the training area, but this departure saw a new sloughing of equipment thought necessary before those days of hiking, and before dusk the Regiment was

ready. A long column of outlandish camions drew into the towns, driven by Chinese from the French Asiatic possessions. The motor trucks were quite large, holding twenty-two men, by pinching, but their structure looked light compared with the great American trucks; and the French blue war color and the fur-coated Chinese, drooping on their seats from lack of sleep, surely made a scene from Mars for the saucer-eyed doughboy.

On the road to Bar-le-Duc, after dark, the whole train assembled, over four hundred camions, and snaked along through the darkness. Not a light was allowed, not even a cigarette, and this latter discomfort gave the first taste of the harshness of war. The city of Bar-le-Duc was shrouded in darkness, being a target for enemy bombing expeditions, and few of the soldiers even knew they were passing through the home of gooseberry jam. From Bar-le-Duc the long convoy took the main Verdun highway through Issoncourt and Heippes, villages which they later learned to know so well. Many a one will long remember the chilly night ride, bumping around from one side of the truck to the other, while the Chinese drivers droned their continual sing-song on the seat ahead. Several trucks were ditched that night, but fortunately there were no casualties. The supply trains took a road practically paralleling to the west the main highway, and Captain Christensen led his train and the one-pounders via Vavincourt, Ippécourt, Marats-la-Grande, Chaumont-sur-Aire, St. Andre and Brabant-en-Argonne. The troop column branched off the main highway north of Souilly, turning westward through Nixeville to Blercourt, on the Paris-Metz Highroad.

This highway, which in this section runs west from Verdun into the Argonne Forest, was the main lateral communication behind the lines which the Division was to take over. The name, Blercourt, had been whispered about the day before as the destination of the train, but no one then knew that Blercourt lay only twelve kilometers southwest of Verdun. The Argonne, to the west, was a strange word to the Regiment, and the Meuse, running northwesterly through Verdun, was only a geographical name. Hill 304 and Le Mort Homme, which lay in the sector the 79th Division was to take over, were well known to every American, but perhaps it was well on that chilly morning of September 14 that no one knew of these historic places ahead.

The desolation which the dawn brought to view was

sufficient shock for one day. As soon as light broke in the gray skies, the train stopped, the men were tumbled out into the main road, and the long train stole away, before the enemy aeroplanes could learn that thousands of troops were concentrating between the Meuse and the Argonne. All about was devastation and ruin, and not a sign of the cultivation which had been so lovely in the Haute Marne. Muddy paths ran in every direction through the open fields, always into the woods, where the troops had to conceal themselves from aerial observation. With scarcely time to get their bearings, the men were marched to cover, the Second Battalion to the hillside northeast of Blercourt and the First Battalion into Brocourt Wood, south of Dombasle. The Third Battalion, which did not arrive until the following day, was placed in the Camp de Sivry in the woods north of Blercourt. Headquarters and separate units moved on the first morning from Blercourt to Dombasle several kilometers west, and then northward into a valley camp in the woods. The column hastened to reach cover before it was discovered.

In these woodland camps the Regiment had its first experience of "life at the front." The huts and shacks, half underground, built of tar paper on boards or corrugated iron, may have been vacated only a day before by the French, but they had the deserted appearance of a year of abandonment, bare, cheerless shelters. On the path leading to one of the camps was a French military cemetery, with its blue-painted crosses and white, blue and red tin rosettes. The supply train had not yet arrived, and the men had only their reserve of corned-beef and hard bread to eat. No water near at hand, no place to sit down, no bunks—it was all new and cold and strange. Captain Feuardent and Lieutenant Castel, the French officers attached to the Regiment, and Interpreter Berkowitz, however, felt at home, and the men were not slow in learning from them. First of all came a scurry and scramble through the huts for a pan, a stove, a piece of pipe, a bucket, anything, and then came the search for water. "It is necessary to make one's self comfortable," remarked Captain Feuardent, lugging a small wooden table into the luxurious 6 by 8 quarters of Colonel Charles. The next experience was watching aeroplanes, which were very active over this front. Troops were not allowed on the roads at all by day. As soon as an enemy plane appeared, the anti-aircraft guns opened on them, flecking the sky with puffs of smoke.

During the ensuing days several changes in location of battalions were made, in order to bring the Regiment into more advantageous positions. Regimental Headquarters was established at Dombasle-en-Argonne, near the headquarters of the 158th Infantry Brigade, and the First Battalion, which had been bombed on the first night in Brocourt Wood, was moved north of Dombasle to Camp de Normandie. The Second Battalion was moved close by into Le Deffoy Wood, and the Third Battalion was marched on the night of the 14th, the day of its arrival, into the Bois de Dombasle, near the Supply Company. On the 18th, Regimental Headquarters was also moved into that wood, into a French camp called du Fer à Cheval. Finally, on September 20, with the Second Battalion still in Camp Deffoy, the Regiment concentrated in Camp de Normandie, about six kilometers behind the front lines. This was a most noisome place, on account of its proximity to the front, and especially because of the continual rains. There were a number of deep gallery shelters or dugouts, each holding several hundred men, but they were so foul and chilly and damp, dripping with water and overrun with rats, that the men preferred to pitch pup-tents in the wet grass of the woods. In these nights of waiting, and in the daytime too, the Regiment had its first experience with bombing and shell-fire, although there were no casualties. Several night gas-alarms were given, perhaps passed along from the front lines or neighboring sectors by the night sound of a gong or Klaxon. Interpreter Berkowitz became very angry after the first rude awakening: "Gas! Eet is im-poss-se-bil; there was no burst of shell."

The interpreter was not the only one who finally decided that it was "im-poss-se-bil." The very first night had demonstrated that all is not gas that growls. An anxious lieutenant, seeking the cause of the alarm and all the wild alarm, came across three M. P. sentries grinding their Klaxons like mad. The lieutenant, of course, had his gas-mask on, but not so the M. P.'s. They were having the time of their lives. The "loot," chagrin mixed with annoyance, pulled his mask off and asked where in the — the gas was and what the dickens was all the noise about.

"Oh," said the M. P.'s calmly, "we aint smelt no gas, but orders is to pass on the alarm and we're doin' it."

After that many a man, as he heard the raucous call, simply turned over in his hole and said drowsily to his

equally indifferent buddie, "Bill, if there's really gas wake me up, but darn them Klaxons."

However, more cautious brothers slept all night in gas-masks, and some few learned to like it.

Between Camp de Normandie and the American lines stretched many a winding boyau through the thick woods, reminiscent of the mighty days of Verdun. In there many units snatched a bit of hasty training and got something of the "feel" of the trenches—which, no matter how apparently simple they look on a map, are always a strange and inextricable maze to the novice. Through these woods also ran miles and miles of wire and some hurried experience in cutting lanes and tracing their puzzling course was obtained. There was little realization then that the Regiment was to go into a great drive without a turn in the trenches, but opportunities at hand to "get acquainted" were not wasted.

Those first trips were eye-openers. Camp de Normandie, with its thick foliage and sturdy trees, gave a sense of security to green troops—ostrich-like as that feeling may have been. But as one emerged from the forest into the rocky, rugged boyau to the front lines—the trenches ahead and No Man's Land beyond lay bare and exposed under the summer sun. No Man's Land—grim phrase—menacing and sinister it looked to the unaccustomed eyes of officers and non-coms sent forward to familiarize themselves with the sector held by the 315th. This sector was officially called the "Hill 304 Sector," but to the Americans it was known as the "Avocourt-Malancourt Sector" because the lines stretched between those towns. Avocourt lay within the American lines—Malancourt within the German. Hill 304, held at such frightful cost by the French, was on the right and within the Divisional Sector. The 315th Infantry, with headquarters at Cote 309, had taken over the lines of the 157th French Division.

Around the railhead at Dombasle and Blercourt vast stores of military material had been observed, but suspicion that a great drive was impending did not crystallize until after the Regiment reached Camp de Normandie, in the neighborhood of which, heavy cannon and naval guns were being emplaced. The Regiment fully expected after a few weeks to relieve the 315th Infantry and take a turn in the Hill 304 Sector for purposes of trench training. The expected relief was commenced on the night of September 24-25, when the First Battalion and the Machine Gun Company

of the 316th relieved corresponding units of the 315th in the trenches west of the village of Esnes and of Hill 304. Major Harry D. Parkin, commanding the First Battalion, had his headquarters in a small trench dugout called "P. C. Copinard."

That very first night suspicion became pretty certain that a drive was about to take place; for large details were sent out into the front lines to cut wide gaps in the barbed wire entanglements in front of the trenches. On the following day, the 25th of September, the certainty of a great drive was increased; for captive balloons were moved forward close behind the trenches. Tanks rumbled all day up the road from Dombasle, past Camp de Normandie, and heavy guns mounted on tractors were moved into position. On that afternoon Colonel Charles assembled the battalion commanders at the headquarters of the 315th Infantry which had now become the headquarters of the 158th Brigade, under Brigadier-General Robert E. Noble, and in that place a conference of all the field officers of the Brigade was held, outlining the plans for the drive of September 26.

Even at the meeting of the field officers of the Brigade on the afternoon of September 25, the day and hour of the attack were not announced. The orders were merely to attack at "H hour on D day." The scheme for the movement, however, was carefully elaborated. The 145th Regiment of the 37th Division was to attack on the left, and the 4th Division was to attack on the right. For the 79th Division, lying between, the 157th Infantry Brigade with the 313th Infantry on the left and the 314th Infantry on the right, were to lead the advance, followed at 1,000 meters by the 316th and the 315th Regiments. The assault was to be preceded by an unprecedented artillery preparation, there being at the disposal of the 79th Division alone 23 batteries of light field artillery, 12 batteries of heavy artillery, and 12 heavy trench mortars. The 316th Infantry was to be disposed with the Third Battalion under Major John B. Atwood on the right and with the First Battalion under Major Parkin on the left. The Second Battalion, under Captain Alan W. Lukens, was assigned to Brigade Reserve, and was to follow the advance until called upon. The Regimental Machine Gun Company, under Captain Lauriston E. Knowlton, and Company C, 312th Machine Gun Battalion, were attached to the assaulting battalions, together with the three one-pounder guns from the Headquarters

Company under Lieutenant Herbert V. Lindsay. E Company was designated to act as a combat contact patrol with the 37th Division on the left, and A and I Companies were named as Regimental Reserve, the latter being split up to furnish pioneer and carrying details. Five platoons of F Company were separated to be moppers-up behind the advancing battalions. The battalions were to be "echeloned in depth" in approach formation. The 343d Tank Company of the 15th French Battalion, with two wireless tanks, was to be attached to the Regiment for duty. Lieutenant Robert B. Miller and Lieutenant Howard G. Nichols were sent to the 37th Division as liaison officers and Lieutenant Michael D. Clofine, Lieutenant William S. Hager, and Lieutenant George E. Geiser, Jr., were sent to the two Brigade Headquarters to maintain liaison with the Regiment.

At dusk the troops commenced moving from Camp de Normandie toward the front, the Second Battalion dropping off in the Bois de Chattancourt, near Division Headquarters, as brigade reserve. The Third Battalion advanced, following their guides through the Bois d'Esnes, which was scarcely more than a scanty patch of underbrush after the intermittent shelling of several years, up to a position behind the First Battalion. Meantime, Regimental Headquarters was established in P. C. Copinard, the First Battalion forming itself in the trenches ready for the jump-off.

V

Montfaucon and Beyond

The Meuse-Argonne offensive, to commence on the morning of September 26, is of tremendous historical importance. The German lines, from Switzerland to the North Sea, were still practically intact, and in the great allied drive which ended the war, the hinge of the whole operation was assigned to America, to break the main enemy communications through Montmedy and Sedan, and thus imperil the whole German army. On the right of the movement, running south through Verdun, was the Meuse River, and on the left, the Argonne Forest, whose ravines, hills, and elaborate defenses concealed by dense thickets had been considered impregnable. In the American lines, the 79th Division held a place of honor, facing the formidable citadel of Montfaucon.

Throughout the memorable night of September 25-26, P. C. Copinard had been a bee-hive, crowded with battalion and company commanders who assembled to receive copies of the Field Orders and to have maps, which had just been distributed, marked with sector lines for the advance. It was only at that time that it was learned that the formidable stronghold of Montfaucon, the famous hill citadel, was immediately in the sector of the Regiment. From the front line trenches, Montfaucon lay distant over six kilometers beyond the wild tangle of No Man's Land, the impregnable system of German wire entanglements and trenches, and a series of easily defended hills and patches of woods. As the officers studied their maps it seemed like an impossible objective.

At 11 H, while the officers worked in the dugout, digesting maps and orders, the brooding silence outside was suddenly shattered. On the right, on the left, from far behind the line, the American heavy artillery had opened—a steady fire that smashed what remnants of Malancourt may still have remained; that shattered strongholds on Montfaucon Hill, and poured pitiless destruction into a hundred strategic enemy points located by the diligent work of French and American intelligence staffs.

It was not until 2 H 30 in the morning, however, that the real bombardment began. Then all the guns in the greatest concentration of artillery the world had ever known up to that time, joined in a monstrous chorus of destruction. The 316th was on the roads by that time, groping its way forward, still but faintly conscious of the immensity of the struggle about to open. Like a hundred rending volcanoes, the American and French 75's right behind them, tore away the black veil of night in thunderclaps of flame. It was the first time these men had been in front of the fire of their own guns. For a dazed moment there was a gasp of something like panic—scores dropped into the gutters beside the road—and then the true nature of all that cataclysm dawned on them, and somewhat sheepishly they rose to view in awe the spectacle unfolded. A thousand gorgeous sunsets—extinguished in a second, recreated in a moment—unceasing rolls of thunder, a night indelibly written in memory.

And meantime, without interruption, the company commanders were busily at work placing their men for the jump-off, the Third Battalion moving into position on a line with the right of the First, the men shoulder to shoulder in the trenches.

Promptly at 5 H 30 the American fire lifted and became a rolling barrage, and the 313th Infantry went over the top into No Man's Land. Zero hour had arrived—the American doughboy for miles to east and west was opening the Meuse-Argonne Drive and lifting the curtain on the last act of history's greatest drama. The German guns, which up to that moment had remained ominously silent, now burst forth on the American lines. The 316th in support, kept its eyes on the advancing lines, waiting for the 313th to gain the slated 1,000 meters. The sharp tac-tac-tac of machine guns cut through even that frightful din. A column of small tanks, like ugly ducklings, waddled its way through the waiting lines, clumsily but efficiently crossing shell-hole craters and trenches. The assaulting column moved on. At 6 H 00 the required 1,000 yards had been gained, and the 316th stepped out into its first real baptism of fire. No Man's Land was everywhere torn and gashed with great shell-holes, 15 to 20 feet deep, many of them tangles of briar. No roads—no paths of any kind—were here to serve as landmarks, and maintaining contact became at once a trying problem. The compass was the only guide, and the

line advanced slowly, with company commanders striving constantly to keep liaison.

"Boyau 6" winds through the Bois de Malancourt, and part of the Regiment struggled forward over its rocky bottom as the 313th, now well out in front, moved on. At a turn in the boyau, as the head of the column approached, there lay a group of grotesquely huddled figures in American O. D. The man in the lead putting his hand to the shoulder of one of these figures drew it away sharply in swift enlightenment—murmured a barely audible, "Dead!" and stumbled on. The column followed. It was the 316th's first sight of grim horror. War had all at once taken on a new meaning.

In No Man's Land for a goodly distance the Regiment moved on without loss—undisturbed save by artillery shelling, usually wide of its mark. As the Boche part of the Bois de Malancourt was neared, there was a queer bzz-zz-zz overhead, an instant's puzzled speculation as to what the devil that might be—and then that much taught lesson in the little red book on the importance of "keeping down" was being graphically illustrated.

The assaulting regiment, moving steadily ahead, had unsuspectingly passed by a number of concealed machine-gun nests, and the Boche gunners were now demonstrating to the 316th that being in support meant nothing—just less than nothing in the way of immunity. Followed a speedy issuing of orders to platoon commanders, cautious flank movements, and the Regiment was sending back its first prisoners, casting a hasty glimpse at its first war trophies, and leaving behind, sprawled under a torrid sun now high in the heavens, its first dead and wounded. It was this character of fighting which marked the entire Meuse-Argonne action. Concealed machine gunners, allowing the first lines to pass on, opened up on the second, and either bravely fought to an inevitable finish or shouted "Kamarad" in time to save their lives.

The Regimental Headquarters was established by noon in the Tranchée de Cuisine, the French name for the German front line. Nearby, at the entrance to a dugout, lay a number of dead Germans, surprised at their posts by the sudden American bombardment. At this P. C., Captain Feuardent entered the dugout with an empty pistol on an excursion of curiosity, and brought up three Germans, piteously crying "Kamarad." By mid-afternoon the Regiment had left the Bois de Malancourt, crossing Golfe de

Malancourt, an open space heavily wired and entrenched around a strong redoubt, and had entered the Bois de Cuisy, where they had overcome some machine gun and sniper resistance. In these woods Captain Frederick A. Van Dyke was wounded by a sniper bullet, which put a hole through his identification tag and tucked it away, underneath his collar bone.

In the late afternoon a reorganization of the line was effected in this old German line of main resistance about the Golfe de Malancourt, and the Regiment spent the night with the First Battalion around the Regimental Headquarters on the southeastern edge of the Bois de Cuisy and the Third Battalion in German trenches west of Malancourt. The Second Battalion, still in Brigade Reserve, was nearby in the Bois de Cuisy. Detachments of the Third Battalion followed the 313th Infantry until 18 H 35 toward Montfaucon, running into various minor engagements. That night was very cool and a light rain commenced to fall, chilling the men to the bone. All the canteens were empty, the American fire had broken the elaborate system of German water pipes, and no water was to be found.

At 6 H 45 on September 27 the advance was resumed, the Regiment still in support of the 313th. Two hours later notice was received at Regimental Headquarters that the 313th and 316th Regiments now composed the 157th Infantry Brigade, the 316th being thereby shifted from the 158th Brigade in a provisional reorganization of brigades.

With dawn of the 27th the men had explored the German trenches and found a number of dugouts with peeled potatoes in kettles on the stoves, ready for boiling, pots of acorn coffee, already brewed, cheese, and small bags of musty, tasteless biscuit. There were many valuables left behind by men who had fled in a hurry, but the men knew the weight of a pack, and had not yet acquired the souvenir habit. For water the men had to collect rain in their mess kits.

At 9 H 08 Major Parkin reported that the 313th Infantry was attacking Montfaucon. Emerging from the Bois de Cuisy, the town of Montfaucon, a kilometer and a half to the north, dominates the skyline. It crowned the crest of a hill commanding the whole countryside, and had long held the name of being an impregnable stronghold. The ground lay entirely open and exposed from the woods up to the town, and any advance would have to descend an open slope, cross a valley, and then ascend the wired and entrenched citadel.

Observation from the town was perfect. Most of the houses in the town had been leveled by American artillery fire, but the church, later completely ruined, on September 27 still reared a proud silhouette against the sky.

The 313th Infantry fought its way through this stronghold, with the First Battalion of the 316th in close support, the Third Battalion holding the right of the sector and following up to the east between Fayel Farm and the eastern edge of the town. At 12 H 50 Colonel Swezey, commanding the 313th, despatched a message asking for a battalion of the 316th to protect his Regiment from counter-attack while he reorganized. The First Battalion was immediately closed up in the town, and Companies G and H of the Brigade Reserve sent to join it. Major Atwood reported at 13 H 00 that the First and Third Battalions were following the 313th, which had passed beyond Montfaucon, and that the lines were under heavy artillery fire. The First Battalion reported at 14 H 37 that it was organizing defensive positions in shell-holes along the northern base of the town, with the 313th fighting in the open ground immediately north of them. Captain Fatzinger and Captain Hewit, with two platoons from C and F Companies, went forward with the 313th in the attack against the Bois de Beuge on that afternoon.

The advance was halted in the open fields north of Montfaucon by the Germans, who were strongly organized with machine guns and mortars in the Bois de Beuge, lying ahead, and who had responsive artillery support. The American lines on that night lay in the open ground between Montfaucon and the Bois de Beuge, the outposts moving up to the embankment of a railroad skirting the woods on the south. The 316th Infantry lay in the immediate rear of the 313th at the northern base of Montfaucon, along the road to Cierges, the road to Nantillois and back of Bois de Bigors. The Regimental P. C. remained in a German dugout a thousand meters south of Montfaucon.

At 2 H 30 on the morning of September 28, the Intelligence Officer of the 313th came from Brigade Headquarters with verbal orders for the 316th to relieve the 313th at Montfaucon and to attack at 7 H 00 on September 28. Colonel Charles with his staff immediately went forward to the top of the hill, and at the church in Montfaucon gave personal instructions to his battalion commanders for the attack on that date. At 4 H 00 Regimental Headquarters was established with the headquarters of the 313th in the graveyard just

below the church on the eastern slope of the hill. At 5 H 00 the German artillery fell heavily on the American lines, and headquarters was driven to the eastern base of the hill where it was located at the beginning of the attack. Mont-faucon had fallen, but ahead to the north lay in succession three wood-crowned hills, Bois de Beuge, Bois 268 and Bois 250. To approach all these it was necessary to cross open valleys with no shelter whatever, and then ascend the slope to the woods, subject to sweeping machine-gun fire. The ground lent itself easily to observation by the enemy of any movement that might be attempted.

At 7 H 00 the attack was launched, the troops immediately falling under heavy artillery fire. As soon as the advancing lines came within range of machine-gun fire from the edge of Bois de Beuge, a terrific rain of bullets descended upon them. The lines dropped, automatics opened a sputtering reply, here and there a group rushed, dropped and crawled cautiously; the lines crept on—forward; delayed, harassed, terribly punished—but on, their dead behind them, their tortured wounded moaning to the winds that most heartbreaking cry of the battlefield: “First aid, this way; first aid, this way.” German artillery, some of it from beyond the distant Meuse, dropped a hail of shrapnel and high explosives; machine guns spewed the ground with a deadly shower—the Regiment crawled on.

At 8 H 51 Major Atwood sent the following message: “Our troops now entering southern edge of Bois de Beuge.” Nine minutes later he was killed.

The advance into this woods had cost the Regiment heavily. It had stripped many companies almost completely of their officers and in the ranks had taken a ghastly toll. The morning of September 28 gave the 316th full realization of war in its grimmest reality. In the inevitable confusion many units were almost entirely isolated, despite the unflagging efforts of runners to re-establish contact.

L Company thus for a time found itself virtually alone, and, like other units, struggled on beyond the general line into withering flanking fire. Its leader, Captain Charles E. Loane, Jr., was wounded, and among its platoon leaders, Lieutenant Albert C. Wunderlich was killed and Lieutenant Clarence W. Renshawe incapacitated by shell shock. Among the Regiment's killed that morning were Major Atwood, Captain Percy F. Burrage, Lieutenant John H. Fox; among the wounded, Captain Robert C. Fatzinger, Lieutenant

Burrlie M. Odom, Lieutenant Norman L. Botsford, Lieutenant Earle P. Burdick, Lieutenant Daniel J. Dougherty, Lieutenant John J. Sheridan, Lieutenant Charles M. Sincell, Lieutenant Robert P. Stout, Lieutenant Arlington B. Evans, Lieutenant Charles E. McKillips, Lieutenant Phillipus Miller, Lieutenant Eastman M. Sanborn, Lieutenant James M. Hamilton, Lieutenant Thomas M. Rikeman, Lieutenant Hank Welling and Lieutenant Charles J. Hurley, Jr.

The Bois de Beuge was very dense with underbrush, being almost impenetrable, excepting by several narrow paths, through which the troops pushed. On the northern edge was a great German P. C. covered with heavy steel plates, but there was no time to explore. In spite of unabated artillery fire over the whole front, and in spite of another open approach to wood-crowned "268", the advance continued. At 13 H 42 Captain John McI. Somers, commanding the Third Battalion after the death of Major Atwood, reported, "We are at 10.2-81.8, on assigned sector, with right on the Nantillois-Cunel Road." This line was on the crest running through Bois 268, the second wood beyond Montfaucon to be captured that morning. One platoon of G Company under Lieutenant Chambers succeeded in crossing the next open space over the crest, reaching the tip of the next woods, near Madeleine Farm.

The First Battalion was in Woods 268 on the left half of the sector, and the Second Battalion lay in the valley immediately south of it. In the afternoon the Regiment was reorganized in these woods, the Regimental P. C. being established on the southeastern tip. The French Tank Company, which had followed the troops in the attack through Bois de Beuge, maneuvered west of Nantillois and then retired to Montfaucon.

All day the German artillery violently shelled the entire area, including Montfaucon and the road south of it. It was here while with the Regimental Supply Train that Lieutenant Romaine Shepard was mortally wounded.

The reconnaissance of the ground ahead of 268 showed another open space of about 500 meters and then a wedge-shaped wood called "250." To the east of this wood, just off the regimental sector and along the Nantillois-Cunel Road, in an open space of the Bois des Ogons, lay Madeleine Farm, marked with a great Red Cross. To the west of "250" lay an open draw studded with a few patches of

brush concealing machine-gun nests, and behind them lay Cote 250 and then the town of Romagne.

At dark Lieutenant Chambers' platoon was drawn out of Woods 250, and the Regiment spent the night on the northern tip of Bois 268 in a heavy rain, being harassed by machine-gun fire and occasional shelling.

On Sunday morning, September 29, the fourth day of the drive, the 316th was ordered to attack from Bois 268. As the troops debouched from the woods they were met on the brow of the slope by terrific machine-gun fire from the woods ahead and crossfire from the flanks, the bushes in the open valley to the northwest, and from Madeleine Farm, with its red-cross flag. Captain Benjamin H. Hewit, Lieutenant Daniel S. Keller, Adjutant of the First Battalion, and Lieutenant Fitzharris, Third Battalion Intelligence Officer, were killed a few hundred yards ahead of "268." Lieutenant Ivan L. Lautenbacher was mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Richard Y. Naill, Intelligence Officer of the First Battalion, Lieutenant John J. Pickard, and Lieutenant Charles M. Hoffman were wounded. The lines were greatly depleted by severe losses, and the advance on the left, exposed to fire from front and flank was checked 300 meters north of "268." On the right, however, a number of men dashed into the edge of the woods, about fifty in number, under Captain Somers, Lieutenants Murdock, Horne and Bliss. This heroic group fought ahead through the woods, struggling hand to hand with machine gunners, and established a scattered defensive line just inside the northern edge of Woods 250, holding this position all day. Meantime, orders arrived from the 157th Brigade for a reorganization and a second attack in the afternoon with the reorganized 313th Infantry in the advance and the 316th Infantry, consolidated as one battalion under command of Major Parkin, following at 600 meters. The attack was launched at 14 H 00, and again through the enemy barrage the troops advanced across the open into the thick underbrush of Woods 250. The 313th Infantry had received orders to withdraw, and Major Parkin's men, alone, pushed ahead into the woods, joining the small band that had been in the northern edge since morning. The woods were swept by heavy enemy artillery fire which killed a great many of the men. It was in these woods that Captain Alan W. Lukens met his death.

The artillery barrage of the enemy also inflicted heavy casualties in the vicinity of Regimental Headquarters on the

edge of 268. Shortly after the attack commenced, a bursting high explosive killed Regimental Sergeant-Major Harold H. Bair, and Colonel Charles, who was dictating a message to him at the time, was wounded in the thigh. Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Meador was given temporary command of the Regiment.

At 15 H 50 a message was received from Brigade Headquarters to reorganize and establish a defensive line on the northern edge of the Bois de Beuge. At various intervals messages were sent forward into the woods to the First Battalion, but the runners never lived to deliver their messages. The First Battalion remained in the woods, penetrating them against snipers and machine guns, to the very tip of the Bois de Cunel, where the dead bodies of members of the Regiment were found later by the Graves Registration Service. The regiments on the right and left had failed to reach the line of the woods, and there the battalion remained, without support. At dusk, Lieutenant Goetz, who had been in the woods with Major Parkin, returned to the Regimental P. C. with the news that the unit was still in the woods, never having received orders to withdraw. An officer was sent to the artillery to postpone fire which might be directed upon the woods, and Lieutenant Goetz returned to Major Parkin with orders to withdraw after dark, finding his way across the battlefield to the lone battalion. At 21 H 00, Major Parkin started back from the woods with 160 men, and a few minutes later, shells from the American artillery commenced dropping in the woods behind them. That night a defensive line was thrown out in shell-holes several hundred yards in front of the Bois de Beuge, with the 145th Infantry on the left and the 315th on the right.

All day Monday the Regiment held this position in the Bois de Beuge, the companies reorganizing to permit more effective defense. The enemy harassed the woods with shell fire.

Meanwhile relief had become imperative, not only on account of constantly mounting losses, but because of the impossibility of getting food and water to the men. The road to the supply dumps was choked and jammed to a dead standstill, holding up ammunition and supplies of every description, and tying up many ambulances with their loads of wounded. At 16 H 00 the veteran Third Division appeared behind the hill of Montfaucon and, in unwavering

lines of section columns, advanced through heavy fire and effected the relief.

The Regiment was then led back under a fire of high explosive, shrapnel and gas, which inflicted several casualties, including the wounding of Captain James P. Montgomery. South of Montfaucon the column was reorganized, and the Regiment marched as a unit into Malancourt, reaching that devastated village after dark. The whole Division was concentrated in the vicinity, and the troops spent the night in the open, without blankets, in shell-holes amid the barbed wire entanglements southwest of the ruined town. The enemy kept dropping heavy shells into Malancourt all night.

The following morning, October 1, the cold, weary men, who had not seen more than a few cans of corned beef with a little hard bread since September 25, commenced the march back to Camp de Normandie. The road, built immediately after the advance across No Man's Land by the Engineers, from Malancourt to Avocourt, was followed, the infantry worming their way through the congestion of trucks, ambulances and artillery, which plowed hub deep through the mud. In numerous places the roadway had been blown up by mines left by the retreating enemy. In the middle of the afternoon the men dragged themselves into their old camp of the week before. Without waiting for hot food to be prepared, they gulped their bread, molasses, and coffee and went to sleep under the sky with minds far from the din and roar of battle. They little gloried that they had participated in the greatest drive of the war, and that although inexperienced and untried, they had forged ahead thirteen kilometers to the very tip of the Bois de Cunel, broken a line of trenches thought impregnable, assisted in the downfall of Montfaucon, the great prize of the 79th Division, and captured and consolidated the Bois de Beuge, making safe the conquered citadel.

VI

The Troyon Sector

The Regiment remained in Camp de Normandie and Camp Deffoy, to the south of it, until the evening of October 3, when a march to the south was ordered. Visions of billets and "Repos," about which they had read, entered the soldiers' minds as they trudged silently through the darkness. The march proceeded via Banthéville, Sivry la Perche, and then across the Blercourt Road via Nixeville and the Bois de Nixeville, which was reached at 2 H 00 on the following morning. After marching through the roads, knee deep in mud from recent rains, the troops bivouacked in the sodden woods. On the afternoon of that day, October 4, the Regiment, depleted to 1,858 men and worn out from the Montfaucon operation, marched via Lempire, Dugny, Ancemont, where it crossed the Meuse, and proceeded via Dieue and Genicourt to Rupt-en-Woevre, arriving there after a most wearisome hike at midnight. Utterly exhausted, the men crept into any billet whatever, and slept like logs on the floors or in rude bunks without straw. The comfort of a roof was blessing enough.

On October 5 the Regiment rested, and washed, and exercised itself only to the extent of fighting for the few sticks of firewood in the village, which had been badly damaged by enemy fire. That night the enemy planes whirled overhead, feeling with their bombs for the railhead at Rattentout, a few kilometers distant, and the doughboys decided that, after all, "Repos" is not quite the same as advertised. This conviction grew the next morning, when two hours of "Squads Right" were ordered, and the happy-go-lucky soldier took great pleasure when a formation in the streets was broken up by the appearance of an enemy plane in the heavens, and everyone scurried for cover. When the first sergeants tried to find their companies they found them all "under cover," where they remained the rest of the day. While here Colonel Oscar J. Charles, who had been wounded north of Montfaucon, was relieved of command, which passed to Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Meador.

The general pleasures of "Repos" were abruptly ended on the evening of October 6, when the Regiment was concentrated after dark for a hike to the front, through the rain. With the recollection of Montfaucon fresh in mind, the soldier plodded through the pitch black up a slippery hill road, through Mouilly to the Grand Tranchée de Calonne Road, which ran several kilometers behind the lines roughly parallel to the new front, which had been but recently won in the St. Mihiel drive. The whole Regiment bivouacked again that night in Le Chanot Bois, near Dommartin la Montagne.

"Muddy Monday," October 7, was spent in Le Chanot Bois, waiting to effect a relief that night of units of the 26th Division. The wood occupied had been recently taken from the enemy in the St. Mihiel drive, and the men, skirmishing through its paths, found great stores of ammunition left by the Germans in their hasty retreat. The concrete dugouts were a marvel to behold. During the day details of officers were sent forward to reconnoiter the new front, the Troyon Sector, so named from the town to the rear on the Meuse River, which was the seat of Division Headquarters. The sector lay on the northwestern part of the St. Mihiel advance, and Colonel McCaskey, who was later to join the Regiment, had, with the 104th Infantry, driven the Germans out of this very front. As Montfaucon lay about twenty kilometers to the northwest of Verdun, the Troyon Sector lay a bit over twenty kilometers to the southeast of Verdun, on the prolongation of a line from Montfaucon through Verdun.

The line of main resistance ran from northwest to southeast along a remarkable line of wooded cliffs, the Cotes de Meuse, which ran fingers out into the plains of the Woivre. These hills dropped precipitously over one hundred and fifty feet to the open plains below, and observation was perfect. Consequently, to overcome the disadvantage against them the Germans held their lines about six kilometers away from the base of the hills, and the American outpost line had to lie in the flats about five kilometers ahead of the line of main resistance. It was a peculiar situation, but at the time, the policy on this front was purely defensive, and the distant outposts, far from food and assistance, simply had to bear their lot.

A number of villages nestled at the base of the cliffs, Herbeuville, Hannonville, and Thillot lying in the regimental sector, with Saulx and Wadonville out in the plains

in the line of outposts. Just beyond lay the German defense in Marcheville, St. Hilaire, Butgnéville, and Harville, which were strongly wired and entrenched. East of Wadonville were the Bois de Warville, occupied by the enemy. Some thirty-five kilometers away in Lorraine, slightly north of east, lay Metz.

On the night of October 8, again in the rain, the Regiment moved into this front, relieving the 101st and 102d Infantry Regiments of the 26th Division, the sector of each regiment being taken over by one battalion, the First, under Major Parkin, on the left, with P. C. at Herbeuville, and the Second, under Captain Paul D. Strong, with P. C. in a German concrete shelter on the hillside above Hannonville. The Third Battalion, under Captain John McL. Somers, remained in Le Chanot Bois in reserve. To the left of the Regiment was the 313th Infantry, the 314th and 315th Infantry Regiments being in Divisional Reserve in billets west of the Meuse. Regimental Headquarters was first established in the woods about two kilometers south of Dommartin, along la Grande Tranchée de Calonne Road. Immediately across the road was Brigade Headquarters and "P. C. Cox," the headquarters of the 115th Artillery, which supported the Regiment on this front.

This, then, was the scene of the expected rest, a "quiet sector," in which by "tacit understanding" there would be no fighting. The first proof of this dream came in the shape of enemy shells, which constantly harassed the whole area, morning, noon and night. Then came a drenching of Hannonville with mustard gas, putting Lieutenant Dwight C. Cook and eighty-five men out of action in one night. Observation posts were established on the cliffs, O. P. Fitzharris, O. P. Oberlin, and O. P. Hart, and the observers here recorded any evidence of movement in the enemy lines, and counted the shells landing in the vicinity, a common report for one night being "1,200 H. E. and gas shells in Hannonville, 77's and 150's; 900 gas shells in Herbeuville," and so on throughout the sector.

Little movement, however, could be observed in the enemy lines because of haze in the valley, and because almost all movement on both sides was done at night. The Germans, however, kept up observation balloons off in the distance in all clear minutes, and any indiscreet exposure of troops on the roads or the cliff was promptly followed by a shower of shells. The restfulness of this sector was also shown in the

pleasure of "carrying parties" to the outpost troops. The railhead was almost ten kilometers to the rear by roundabout road from the cliff road, the Supply Company being unable to haul rations and supplies over the miry deeps of the direct road through the valley of Longeau Farm. Every night the wagons made this long haul, traveling separately to avoid unnecessary casualties, and every night carrying details took great burdens by hand from the top of the cliffs, down the steep and winding paths to the plains, and then made the long and perilous trip out over the plains, over the shelled roads, on through the soft, marshy lowlands. Awkward marmites of coffee and slum were slung on poles, and carried by two men, stumbling about in the darkness. The men in the lines had the glorious work, however, lying in the mud flats with scarcely any protection at all, under clumps of willow bushes, seeking concealment on the open ground.

Enemy aeroplanes might encircle overhead at any odd moment, trying to ascertain the exact locations of the front lines. Another interesting feature of this sector developed when the artillery produced its calculations for the barrage line of defense. Of course, there were barrages to be laid in front of Saulx or Wadonville, to be called for in case of attack by star signals shot from the front line, but the normal barrage in case of enemy attack in force was laid just along the base of the hills, meaning that the troops in the outpost, several kilometers out in the plains, would have to fight for their own salvation. However, this defensive scheme was necessary owing to the peculiar terrain confronted.

On several occasions there were alarms of expected attack issued from Division Headquarters, and the outposts were drawn back during the night, a distance of one kilometer, and kept at the alert all night to receive any attacks that might develop.

The main work of the sector was patrolling, which was carried out night after night into No Man's Land and the enemy lines to keep him worried and to obtain information concerning his front. In this patrol work Lieutenant Harry S. Gabriel, who, immediately upon joining the Regiment in this sector, was made Intelligence Officer of the First Battalion, and Lieutenant Mowry E. Goetz, Regimental Intelligence Officer, figured most actively. Night after night they went out, crossing No Man's Land from Saulx or Wadonville with a small select group of men and prowled

about the enemy outpost, bringing back in the morning, dog tired from the night of long distances covered and tense night activity, information of the enemy outpost positions about Marcheville or St. Hilaire.

On one evening a combat patrol was sent out under Lieutenant Goetz with a supporting machine gun under Lieutenant Ira E. Lady, but the enemy had been tampered with too much by this constant night harassing and met the troops stealing up in the darkness with a sudden fusillade of machine guns. The patrol had accomplished its mission, and returned with the definite information of the location of the enemy front between Marcheville and St. Hilaire. This night patrolling, which requires more real courage and backbone than any other phase of modern warfare, was carried to the Nth degree in the Troyon Sector. No Man's Land truly became Yankee Land, due to the untiring heroism of the men of the Regiment especially selected for this work; and when the Regiment was drawn away from the sector it had sufficient information concerning the enemy, his location, strength and outpost dispositions to plan raids on a large scale.

Many thrilling tales of those black nights are handed down in the Regiment, and also many amusing incidents. Color Sergeant Edward C. Hohm, who was invariably selected for these missions, swears to this day that he heard ducks quacking beyond Wadonville at 3 H 00 in the morning.

On the night of October 17-18, the front already wide, was extended to a length of about seven kilometers, a regiment of French Chasseurs-à-pied moving out of the Thillot sector to the right of the Regiment, and the Third Battalion, under command of Captain Somers, was moved in, with headquarters at Avillers, a company at St. Maurice, which lay at the base of the hills in back of Avillers, and a company in the outpost around the village of Doncourt. This widening of the front increased the difficulties of liaison and supply and led to some curious happenings. Captain Strong figured out, mathematically, that with the number of men available for outpost duty there could be only two men for every 150 meters, leaving a perfect sieve for enemy patrols. One morning the artillery regiment had a good laugh at the expense of the infantry, for, although several kilometers behind the front lines, they picked up three deserters who had wandered through the thin outpost unchallenged.

The Germans in the hurried "retreat" from the St. Mihiel

front had been forced to abandon untold stores of ammunition, guns, supplies, and comforts of every description—but, worst of all, the greatest, healthiest and most active army of cooties up to that time in captivity. These cooties, well trained in the ways of Prussian “Kultur,” turned on the American victors with a demoniac ferocity worthy of their Boche sires. Mountain climbers with a skill equal to a Colorado goat; underground workers surpassing the well-known mole, they invaded shell-hole and hill-side dugout, making life for the 316th a nightmare of frenzied scratching. This was the Regiment’s first real experience with German cooties, and it was admitted that Prussian efficiency had evolved a species which made all others pale-blooded weaklings by contrast.

However, there were compensating features. The Germans had considered that section of France part of the Vaterland forever, and no end of comforts for the troops—baths, hot, cold and medium; billiard rooms; dance halls; schools; recreation huts; vegetable gardens; real culinary outfits, and all manner of delicacies in such quantities that even the thrifty Yanks of the 26th Division hadn’t been able to get away with it all, and the 316th profited accordingly.

The outpost towns were a constant target for the Boche’s heavy artillery, but in Saulx, the left flank, the men felt perfectly secure during the day, the shelters in that village, thanks to German ingenuity and tirelessness, being absolutely shell proof. By some freak of fortune, the doors in these shelters faced the rear and not the front, as usual. With only a handful of men on guard, it was a welcome sensation to be in a comfortable bunk, of which there were plenty, and listen to the whine and crash of shells overhead and know they were harmless. Night, however, it was a different story—then it was a case of lying on your belly in the mud with not the slightest shelter and not even a shell-hole to afford protection against shrapnel. It had been decided to make this line a line of men only, with no mark to distinguish it when vacated in the daytime and to fire only in case of absolute necessity. As a result of rigid adherence to this scheme the line before Saulx was never located, and barrages directed against it fell short or far behind. D Company, under Lieutenant Fouraker, and later under Lieutenant Clofine, suffered not a single casualty; B Company, under Captain Knack, and A Company, under Lieutenant Dyer, being almost equally fortunate.

Outpost duty in the Saulx sector was in many respects easier than duty in the support, for on the hills behind Herbeuville there was not sufficient shelter for all, and one company at least was compelled to be in mud always a foot high, with little protection against rain—roughing it at its maximum.

On the night of October 21 the Regimental Headquarters was moved nearer to the line of cliffs, into a French P. C., called P. C. Thillot, one and one-half kilometers west of St. Maurice.

At this time desertions from the enemy into the American lines became quite frequent, principally from Austro-Hungarian regiments sandwiched between German troops, but also from among the German troops themselves. Most of the German deserters in this particular front happened to be Prussians. A number of the deserters had in their pockets copies of "Wilson's Answer" or the General Orders concerning American treatment of prisoners, which, printed in German, had been dropped over the enemy lines by allied planes. The Austro-Hungarian troops were very filthy and ill fed and gave conclusive evidence of morale which had reached the breaking point. They had been kept in the lines for several months without relief, and were no longer allowed leaves, perhaps on account of the low man power of the enemy, but, as they themselves said, to prevent opportunity for men given leave to remain at home. Practically all of the deserters when questioned gave extensive and accurate information concerning machine-gun and artillery emplacements within their lines and location of outposts.

In this sector there was one very eventful night, October 23, when a full company of Austro-Hungarian troops of the 51st Regiment, 35th Division, made a raid on the outpost at Wadonville. The raid was preceded by a heavy barrage on the village, followed by a sudden rush, lasting about five minutes.

Because of an intense barrage laid by the Germans with surprising accuracy directly on the outpost positions, the line had been withdrawn that night and the men placed in dugouts.

Suddenly above the din of shelling a voice was heard yelling:

"Everybody out—Germans in the village—everybody out."

A dugout door was opened and in a moment there was

pandemonium. For an Austrian had done the shouting, and as the door opened, grenades were hurled into the crowded room, wounding thirteen men. The survivors rushed for the door in a frenzy of blood-lust, scattered the raiders like a cyclone and the Austrians fled, leaving behind prisoners and dead. Others were, undoubtedly, wounded.

On that same night, Company I was to be relieved from a week of outpost duty around Doncourt, but suspecting that an enemy patrol might try to enter the lines by gaps cut in barbed wire on a previous night, left an ambush patrol ahead of the town. The enemy actually came over, opening an assault with grenades on our lines, but Lieutenant Bliss' ambush was prepared for them and drove them off by a fusillade from automatic rifles, killing four, and wounding others who managed to escape in the dark.

This eventful night also brought a few more deserters into the line.

Finally, on the night of October 24, when the Regiment had accustomed itself to the "quiet" pastimes of the Troyon sector, a relief was effected by the 33d Division.

VII

Hill 378

Tired out from watchful days and nights in the mud flats of the Woevre, lean from the irregular and meager meals carried out to the lines by carrying details, and with nerves frayed by the enemy gas and high explosives, the Regiment felt great relief when news came that the 132d Infantry (33rd Division) was to take over the lines. The relief was accomplished during the night of October 24, and the Regiment marched by battalions to a concentration point north of Rupt, where a hot meal was served at noon from the rolling kitchens. The march was resumed, bringing the Regiment at dusk to Les Monthairons on the east banks of the Meuse. The First Battalion was billeted in Genicourt, and part of the Third Battalion marched into Les Petits Monthairons.

Although the village was bare, with not a stick of wood for a fire, with scarcely a door or window, yet the men saw a few women and children, recently returned to their old homes, and felt that here again was civilization. Everyone expected a rest of at least several weeks, and scurried around to find comfortable bunks and to salvage water pails. A small "épicerie" was found, selling fresh butter, little round tins of sardines and minced meat, and, best of all, thin turkish towels. It was bought out in half an hour by a line of soldiers who fought for places for the mere pleasure of buying. Just at dark about five hundred replacements, fully equipped and fresh, joined the Regiment. The new men had strange feelings at becoming part of a "combat outfit," just come from the trenches and shell-fire.

Everyone thought that these new troops were the first sign of a complete reorganization of the Regiment, but the long expected rest did not materialize. On the afternoon of the 26th, orders came to move into Verdun. Colonel George Williams, commanding the 158th Infantry Brigade, and also assigned to the Regiment since October 20, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Meador being in temporary command, called at Les Monthairons in the afternoon. At 17 H 00 the march commenced, the Regiment concentrating on the

Dieue-Faubourg Pavé Road. Major Parkin brought the First Battalion up the eastern bank of the Meuse from Genicourt, and then took command of the column, Lieutenant-Colonel Meador having been transferred from the Regiment that afternoon.

Darkness fell quickly, and the men tramped along the road in pitch black. Trucks without lights rumbled by ceaselessly, and artillery was encountered on the way. There had been no opportunity to reconnoiter the roads ahead, and the billeting parties were just a few hours in front of the column, and without transportation. At Faubourg Pavé, just across the Meuse from Verdun, the column halted in the darkness, disengaging the Second Battalion and the Machine Gun Company which were to billet there for the night. The rest of the Regiment pushed in through the ancient walled gates of Verdun to the citadel.

There are two outstanding names in the Great War—Marne and Verdun—and around the latter is centered the 316th's history. It is difficult to realize, with the memory of seemingly endless miles of marching still keen, that this citadel of French hopes was never more than a few hours—by Cadillac—from the scene of the Regiment's activities. The Bois de Beuge lies a scant 25 kilometers northwest; the Troyon front some 28 kilometers to the southeast, and Hill 378 is only 20 kilometers to the northeast.

History is not measured in kilometers. A meter here may be more vital than a kilometer there. To one who has fought through the deadly tangles of the Grande Montagne, step by step, it is inconceivable that from crumbled Consenvoye to that group of bare crosses on the Borne de Corneuille is not as far as from Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, to Willow Grove Park. You may show all the maps you please to veterans of the Argonne, but never will they be convinced that a mile in the States is a mile in France. They are right, too—as right as the child who knows, despite what cynical elders may say, that there is more than visible stuffing in a rag doll.

So, too, there are cities—and there is Verdun. The silent, ominous walls that loomed spectre-like before the creeping battalions of the 316th on the night of October 26 held a significance not missed by the dullest in that trudging column. This was the heart of France, whose blood poured out in heroic prodigality, restored the waning faith of a world. War—actual conflict—deadens the emotions. Fine frenzies

are all very well for the crowd before a bulletin board. The front begets callousness—nights of marching dull the keenest enthusiasm. But few there were whose spirit was not quickened in this Holy of Holies, and something of unconscious reverence marked the hushed entry into the Sacred City.

Hushed—save for the clattering of hobnails on ringing cobbles, the boom of a vagrant cannon, the crash of an occasional shell, and the solemn striking of the hour in the battered cathedral, invisible in the dark. Slowly the column wound its way between gaping houses, and all the usual grimness of a ruined city, past the still upright Hotel de Ville, and on into the massive citadel whose sheltered galleries and sturdy walls gave an unaccustomed sense of security to men inured to shell-holes and deceptive dugouts. Once within, Verdun was no longer a Holy of Holies, but a place to stretch out and sleep. It was only in later months that the Regiment came fully into the proud feeling of having had shelter in the very heart of the military defense of France.

Regimental Headquarters was established in Casemate D, Gallery E, and there Colonel Williams spent the night with the Regiment, although still in command of the 158th Brigade.

On the morning of the 27th the men strolled through the ruined streets of Verdun, truly curious American sight-seers, despite the march of the night before, and the occasional shrapnel which burst overhead. On that afternoon a staff reconnaissance was made of the western side of the Meuse to the Bois de Forges, which was to be the destination of the next stage of the march. Thierville, with its cold barracks, kept somewhat intact despite the continual shelling of Verdun, was soon passed, and then came that most desolate of all regions, the hills about Fort de Marre, Marre, Chattancourt, Cumieres, and Forges. An American battery had placed a sign at the cross-roads in the latter place, "This *was* Forges," and that truly described the ruined village. There remained not a single stone standing, merely a leveled bed of crumbled sand. The hills about were almost bare of vegetation, the few trees still standing looking like scarecrows. In this area, now secure from the enemy, the captive balloons were sent up, and numerous French batteries were emplaced, heavy artillery, bivouacked on the open hillsides. The map was difficult to follow because the original roads were not to be found among the shell craters, and the

woods were ghosts. A French battery commander helped out with polished English, saying, "Yes, ahead lies the Bois de Forges." The automobile reconnoitering pushed ahead through axle-deep mud, over logs and stones heaped into the holes in the road as the Americans had pushed the enemy out of the woods several weeks before.

That night there was delay in receiving the march orders. The Regiment concentrated at 19 H 00, according to warning notice, and was then dismissed, while the men unrolled packs for an extra snatch of sleep. At 23 H 00 the march commenced, Captain Knack leading the column, with Captain Goetz as guide. The Second Battalion and Machine Gun Company in Faubourg Pavé remained there for the night, it being decided that they could not reach the cover of the woods by daybreak. With Major Parkin in command, the column felt its way along in pitch darkness, creeping through mud and shell-holes, and half by guess and half by luck, the way was followed, and at dawn the Regiment was in the Bois de Forges. There were a few German "elephant shelters" and a few filthy dugouts, but practically all the men merely moved off the road into the bushes, rolled up in blankets and slept. It had been a frightful march, the third night of it. The trees had been so cut up by artillery fire that there remained no leafage to protect the men from aeroplane observation. When German planes hovered overhead the men just had to huddle in the underbrush and keep their faces down. Without doubt, the presence of the Regiment in the woods was discovered by the enemy; for in the afternoon they began shelling the area, and killed several engineers in the vicinity. One happy recollection, however, of the Bois de Forges, is a meal of bacon, coffee, bread, and jam, truly a treat.

In the afternoon a reconnaissance of the sector to be taken over was made by several officers, and they returned to the Regiment with jaws set. The roar of artillery fire had been heard all afternoon, and American heavy artillery was near Gercourt and Drillancourt, just north of the woods. Again the 316th was to participate in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, fighting east of the Meuse to Armistice Day, the end, even as it had fought in the Argonne commencing September 26, the beginning.

In the few moments of an afternoon such as this, when a man is not sleeping, or carrying water, or thinking of his feet, he may possibly indulge in a few thoughts as to what is

next. As a matter of fact, there is very little speculation at such times as to the future. It is food, feet, and work to be done, and the night will come soon enough.

From the crest of the hill, just north of the woods, one could see the spire of the Chapel of Saint Pantaleon, north of Bois de Consenvoye, but little could one realize what that sector was going to bring to the Regiment. After dark the column started moving, north to Gercourt, then eastward to the Meuse, and back to Consenvoye, where a long wooden bridge crosses the marshy flat of the river. The Germans continually felt for that bridge with their high explosives. In the ruins of Consenvoye the guides from the 115th Infantry (29th Division) were found, and they led the way up the hill into the Bois de Consenvoye to effect the relief. Perhaps the enemy knew of the relief, and perhaps it was chance, but hell cut loose as the Regiment stretched out over the road to Molleville Farm. The sharp bark of our own 75's, a terrifying sound when one is nearby, was most welcome to the ear as the Regiment marched up through our supporting artillery—faithful friends indeed. The stench of dead horses filled the air, and then the enemy put over gas. Already blinded with sweat, the men cursed their gas-masks, one of the many “best-friends” that the soldier has, and stumbled on through the darkness, God knows where. It was a pleasant reception for troops looking for rest.

At the top of the hill northeast of Consenvoye was a patch of woods, the Bois de Consenvoye. The Consenvoye Road and a cleared gully, at the bottom of which lay Molleville Farm, were the dividing line from the Bois de la Grande Montagne. The latter wood gave the official name to the ensuing operations, the Battle of Grande Montagne, and that name is written in the service records of the men in the Regiment, and is graven on the silver band of the regimental colors. The lines of the 26th and 29th Divisions stretched through the woods from west to east, then bent to the southeast, enclosing Molleville Farm.

The 316th took over the lines of the 115th and 116th Regiments (29th Division), a front of about 1,800 meters. The French were in the woods to the left, behind St. Pantaleon Chapel, and the 315th Infantry was on the right, to the northeast of Molleville Farm. This sector was cut in half by a road almost north and south which runs from Brabant-sur-Meuse up over Hill 378. Several hundred yards behind

the front lines at right angle, this road is cut by the Consenvoye-Etraye Road, a crossroad to the east of which was the P. C. of the battalion on the right, the Third. Several hundred meters to the east of the crossroads, in the woods, in an old German dugout, was the P. C. of the left battalion, the First. The lines were merely small holes scooped in the ground, sheltered from observation by brush and leaves. The men not actually on duty found shelter in a line of old deep German dugouts with their tunneled entrance directly open to enemy fire.

Regimental Headquarters was established in an old German P. C. about 500 meters south of the crossroad, and about 100 meters east of the road, just across from the cleared valley sloping down to Molleville Farm. A duck-board path led past several elephant-iron shelters, half underground, and covered with rock and sand, back to an attractive little hut with scroll woodwork along the edge of the roof. The Germans believed in comfort at the front, but, evidently when their lines were pushed back from Verdun, they had piled trees and long steel rails against the side of the hut facing the allied lines, and most luckily, they had dug a deep dugout nearby, steep stairway and several narrow galleries, which became "Invent P. C.", the code name for Regimental Headquarters.

On the night of October 28, Major Parkin, P. C. commanding the Regiment, relieved the Commanding Officer of the 115th Infantry. The P. C. dugout was crowded with runners and signalmen and officers, and the party of Major Parkin could scarcely press into the crowded gallery, to take over the maps and learn as much as possible about the sector in the few hours before dawn when the 115th Headquarters should leave. The talk centered on a hill lying just ahead of the lines, Hill 378, which several attacks had failed to take. The officers and men of the 115th were gaunt and haggard and eye-weary from days and nights of incessant labor, and the sector promised bitter business. A short way north of the P. C. was a commodious concrete dugout built by the Germans along the road, and here the Headquarters staff and runners snatched a few hours sleep until the 315th Infantry took the place over for its headquarters.

The 29th of October was a beautiful autumn day, but it showed to the Regiment only a scene of desolation and carnage. The great trees of the woods were shattered and torn, and the ground was gashed everywhere by shell-fire.

The open land across the road, sloping into the ravine of Molleville Farm, was pock-marked with enemy fire, and the farm at the bottom was a crumbled heap of stone. On the far side of the ravine, both to the east and the north, the Germans held the woods, and had the P. C. and the road leading northward to the crossroad under perfect observation. This death-dealing road was lined with broken water carts, dead horses, ammunition boxes, empty marmite cans, and every description of equipment left by men killed while carrying supplies up to the lines.

The night firing had died down, and the Operations Officer of the 115th served breakfast in the chalet at the top of the dugout, hot corned beef, bread, and syrup from the can. He pointed at the hole in the roof, a direct hit, gave friendly advice as to the favorite enemy hours for firing, and altogether, it was a most delightfully nervous breakfast. He then conducted several of the Headquarters officers on a reconnaissance of the line, up to the crossroad, down the German narrow-gauge line, past the row of dugouts used by the First Battalion, out to the Battalion P. C.

The woods roundabout had numerous crow-nest observation posts in the trees, left by the Germans. They knew the land well, knew where their old dugouts were that the Regiment was occupying, and knew the lay of all the paths through the woods. As the Operations Officer led the reconnaissance back toward the Regimental P. C., the Germans opened their morning shelling in the path just ahead of the party. Hit after hit landed on the path and all about, and splinters whistled through the air. He started running for a nearby dugout, and when all were in it, remarked, "Don't stand on pride in this sector; when they open up, hunt shelter and rest a bit so that you can make speed during the lulls."

The lines on the left lay on the slopes of a deep, thickly wooded hollow, the Ravine de Moyemont. On the far side of the ravine, one could see through the trees the bald rounded top of Hill 378, perfectly bare of trees or brush. There was the German stronghold, and it was the trenches and machine-gun nests on this hill that had broken up the previous American attacks. From hidden observation posts on the hill they could see any movement made along the paths on the front, or any advance down the single, narrow, muddy path of the ravine, which had to be used to approach the base of the hill.

This, then, was the setting—lines through thick woods under constant shell-fire, and ahead a forbidding stronghold which dominated the thoughts of everyone. At the time, however, it was not realized that this hill was the main center of German observation for the Meuse Valley to the west and northwest, and that the advance of the allied arms could not proceed eastward until this point was taken. It guarded the valley roads leading eastward to the plains through valleys stretching eastward like fingers into Etraye, Reville, and Ecurey which were great German camps, harboring divisions of troops, railheads for supplies, and vast stores and “materiel.”

From October 29 to November 3 the Regiment held its ground, strengthening a defensive organization, and feeling out the enemy at night by small patrols into the woods. The first and second day the men dug holes in the ground in the woods along the front, as some slight protection against shell-fire, and then began work on a genuine defensive scheme of strong points surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. On November 2, the First Battalion was stretched over the whole front, the Third Battalion remaining in the immediate rear in close support. No attempt was made at digging a continuous line of trenches. The Regiment is rather proud of the American habit of not staying long enough in any one place to dig a trench or a dugout.

Major Parkin of the First Battalion commanded the Regiment until the arrival of Colonel George Williams on October 31. Captain Louis C. Knack of B Company, commanded temporarily the First Battalion, and Captain Somers commanded the Third. The Second Battalion under Captain Strong, in Regimental Reserve, lay in the woods immediately south of Regimental Headquarters, in the vicinity of the kitchens; and the Supply Company was located at Brabant, on the main Meuse road to the south. The Machine Gun Company had its guns emplaced in the woods just north of the P. C., overlooking the valley of Molleville Farm.

All work and all communications had to be made under the constant menace of shell-fire, which would break out unexpectedly, sprinkling sensitive places for several hours at a time. Every man who went down the ravine to Molleville Farm to fill his canteen; every man who went to the rolling kitchens for a cup of coffee and some “cornwillie”; every runner who took the winding path through the woods to the First Battalion, or the main road to the Third Bat-

talion P. C.; and every signalman who went out along the wires to repair the many breaks, was in constant danger of death. Some men would start running when the shelling started; others would plod along at the same gait, philosophic dare-devils. But if a plate of beans outweighed to a hungry man the danger of a chance shell at the kitchens, so much more did duty operate to keep the men at their work—the faithful cooks at the rolling kitchens, whose location was undoubtedly known to the enemy from the smoke by day and fire by night, despite all efforts to conceal the spot; the runner-chain to Brigade Headquarters, stationed every several hundred yards along the road, which was constantly shelled; and, above all, the men on duty in the front lines, who seldom are thought of when danger is mentioned, but who lie for hours in open shell-holes, exposed to fire. Visitors to the front since the armistice have remarked, "How did you men ever come out of that place alive?" and now the doughboys themselves are beginning to wonder the same thing.

A story is handed down of a certain beloved commander on that front who saw a big truck standing in the open cross-road below the Third Battalion P. C. He became very angry and demanded of the driver what he was doing up there.

"Reconnoitering for brigade" came the answer.

Whereupon the irate commander replied, "You had better reconnoiter yourself out of here." The shells commenced dropping in the road a minute later.

On account of this incessant shelling it was an order never to travel alone in the sector, and all the runners went in pairs. A few days after entering the sector a guard was escorting four German prisoners back from the Third Battalion, and all were close together. A shell landed in their midst, killed the guard and three prisoners and wounded the fourth. On the 29th, the first day in the sector, several of the staff found a beautiful German dugout across the road from the crowded hole in the ground, and it was decided to move the P. C. It was only half underground, and was open to the enemy, but had three large rooms and a roof five feet thick, layers of concrete covered with iron rails, great logs, heavy stone and earth. Four of the staff were in an end room working on maps, and two, who had been lying in the middle room resting from a dose of gas, had just gone out for fresh air when a "250" landed a square hit, clove through rock

and logs, split the rails, and dropped the roof in the middle room. The officers in the end room were trapped and had to dig out through a little aperture. The P. C. was not changed after all, but the other end room became the colonel's mess, and was the scene of subsequent quick lunches.

One afternoon a runner was wandering about headquarters looking for his "elephant shelter"; it had been utterly demolished during his absence. The rolling kitchens, too, witnessed a horrible toll of casualties. Several were "put out of action" completely, and after a shell scattered a load of rations over a hundred yards, the bread and corned-beef were dumped and kept in several separate piles.

Private Steckel, of the Supply Company, must not be forgotten. For over a week he stayed continually on the ammunition dump as guard and distributor. Color Sergeant Spellman slept under the Headquarters wagon at Brabant night after night, and faithful drivers stayed out in the open, watching the picket line where horse after horse was killed. On the afternoon of November 5, when Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke was returning from the front lines to take command of the Regiment, his runner, ten paces in front of him, caught a full explosion of shrapnel and had his head blown off. A group of officers who slept in a thin-roofed elephant shelter recall the nights when shelling would open up in their neighborhood. After the first burst, Lieutenant Henri Castel, of the Alpine Chasseurs, attached to the Regiment, would be heard sliding his helmet across the floor in the darkness to put it on. Castel had been fighting for four years from Italy to Belgium, and the other officers soon learned to follow his example.

In this sector gas too played a large part. The woods were soaked all the time with a light concentration, and everyone was breathing it. It was only when a gas-shell burst near at hand, spreading heavy concentration, that gas-masks were used, however, for one cannot work all the time in a gas-mask. It was the gas at night that was the most wicked—to be wakened out of a deep sleep, or even a half-doze by a muffled cry of "Gas" from one's comrade who was already struggling into his mask. A hundred incidents of this sort might be told.

Nevertheless, in spite of casualties from gas and high explosive, the routine work of the sector went on, the consolidation of the front, and the arduous task of bringing up ammunition, supplies, water and food. The carrying

parties, that carried heavy and bulky boxes of "Calibre .30" and great marmite cans of coffee or slum from the kitchens to the front lines, falling into shell-holes in the darkness, stumbling over logs and slipping in the mud of the narrow paths of the woods, performed heroic labors.

On November 3, Captain Lauriston E. Knowlton, commanding the Machine Gun Company, was wounded, and on the following day, Lieutenant Brunk of the Dental Corps, who had been doing a surgeon's work for days, had his leg broken by a shell fragment.

Various incidents of importance also took place showing the active presence of the enemy. On the night of October 29-30, the second night in the lines, the Germans sent a silent patrol through the woods against the right, which dropped a grenade on a post, killing one man of Company L and capturing his comrade. Another patrol sent by the enemy to reconnoiter its new opponents furnished the first prisoners. Company C drove off a patrol on the left in the Ravine de Moyemont, at the base of Hill 378, and captured two of them. These men, of the 228th Division, 48th Regiment, stated that the 207th Regiment was also on the front, with the 35th in reserve, and that the companies were only about thirty men strong, but that each company had three machine guns.

On the night of October 30-31, Lieutenant Gabriel took out a patrol into the Ravine de Moyemont, feeling out the enemy front. The following night the French Second Colonial Corps Regiment on the left of the 316th effected a relief, and no patrols were sent out on the left, but the Third Battalion sent out patrols on the night of October 31-November 1, and also on the following night, the latter patrol encountering an enemy party, killing at least one man. The operations report of the patrol reads as follows:

"One patrol of two officers and twelve men left our right company outpost and proceeded due east until a noise was located at 25.85-82.2. When at 25.75-82.33, an enemy party of four was discovered at 3 H 40 and allowed to walk up on the patrol. Two men of the patrol fired prematurely when a grenade was thrown, and others fired. One enemy screamed, others shouted, several fell, one ran. Fire of light machine guns opened up on our patrol from 25.8-82.65 and 25.92-82.25. Flares went up continuously for half an hour from 25.85-82.17, and a signal

rocket of 8-10 stars, which was followed almost immediately by a barrage on our lines. The patrol was forced by heavy machine-gun fire to withdraw. Patrol reports sounds of wiring and a new single wire fence on enemy side of cleared space where skirmish took place. Report work along 25.8-82.65; 25.8-82.33; 25.8-82.64."

During this time, Colonel George Williams commanded the 158th Infantry Brigade, and Major Parkin directed the Regiment from his P. C. with the First Battalion. Captain William Sinkler Manning, Adjutant, was made major October 29, but remained at Regimental Headquarters until October 31, when Colonel Williams joined the Regiment. On that day Major Manning was assigned in command of the Third Battalion, and immediately went up to take command. From that day the Third Battalion P. C. was called "P. C. Manning," a code name naturally given it by the telephone operators.

Of Major Manning it may be said that never was there a man more completely enwrapped in the cause he had espoused. From the moment that front line work was at last his allotted task, he was supremely content. The frequently routine character of an adjutant's work had doubtless fretted him, although he gave it his scrupulous attention and, of course, never uttered a word of his innermost desires. But when finally he was made a troop commander, a burden seemed to fall from his shoulders—the order was wine to his soul. Out in front lay his duty—all else was petty and immaterial. This feeling of elation and liberation he expressed in verse, printed later, after his death, in "The Stars and Stripes." And never was man more sincere.

The same day that marked Major Manning's assignment to battalion command, Captain Carl E. Glock was made Adjutant, Captain Mowry E. Goetz, Operations Officer and Lieutenant Harry S. Gabriel, Intelligence Officer.

Finally, on the morning of November 3, real business began, an "offensive reconnaissance." Orders emanating from the XVII Corps, French, came through Division and Brigade Headquarters to send out reconnaissance detachments in the direction of Borne de Cornouiller "to develop the enemy's strength and consolidate the objective reached." The 15th Colonial Division on the left was to effect a similar reconnaissance. Three groups of two platoons each were ordered, a section of machine guns attached to each, and the

attack, preceded by a heavy artillery preparation, was to commence at 6 H 00. During the night, while the platoons were concentrating at the Third Battalion P. C., near the crossroads, the enemy commenced a terrific fire on the whole area. At 2 H 10 the following message was received at Regimental Headquarters:

“Lady, Co. E. P. C.—November 3, 1918. 2 H 10—To C. O. 316th Inf., By Runner.

Caught in box barrage by H. E. and phosgene at corner of trail to Headquarters from 1st Bn. P. C. and public roads. Half men gassed. Am waiting orders. Thirty men from E Company gassed. Two wounded. Mr. McCoy gassed. Lady.”

It was almost 3 H 00 when this message was received and Colonel Williams immediately dispatched an officer from Regimental Headquarters to gather together the remnant of the group and lead it to P. C. Manning. They were found at the Second Battalion, and led through the muddy paths of the woods, in single file, to the point of concentration. Shells burst all about in the darkness; the air was filled with gas, and several men were hit during the march. At P. C. Manning the other groups were gathered, and in the black of the night there was considerable confusion. Ammunition had to be issued, automatic rifle magazines distributed more equally, and the three groups separated and moved to their respective points of jumping-off. Luckily, not a shell fell immediately in the crowd of men stretched along the narrow-gauge track between the dugouts and woods by P. C. Manning.

At 5 H 30 our own artillery opened up, and the whistle of our 75's and 155's overhead mingled with the terrific shellbursts of the enemy shells. At 6 H 00 three groups jumped-off, the left group under Captain Francis D. Johnson and Lieutenant Ira E. Lady aiming straight for Hill 378, called Borne de Cornouiller by the French; the center group under Lieutenant Harry S. Gabriel and Lieutenant Rudolph E. Peterson, moving into the thick woods to the east of the Hill 378 Road, heading for Cote 320 and the ridge beyond it; and the third group under Lieutenant Frank A. Stevens, moving northeasterly through dense woods to a point north of the lines of the 315th Infantry. Captain Strong directed the whole movement from P. C. Strong, a tiny shelter just east of the Hill 378 Road and north of P. C. Manning.

Intelligence reports of November 3 gave evidence of enemy retirement, but the infantry gave no credence to them. In the neighborhood of one of our machine-gun batteries the enemy dropped 1,200 shells, and over the whole front the fire was in the same intensity. The left group was met by terrific machine-gun fire from nests in trenches on Hill 378 when it emerged from the woods part way up the hill. Lieutenant Lady was wounded and Captain Johnson killed, heroically leading their men to the capture of the nests of concealed machine guns and snipers. Lieutenant Allston of the 312th Machine Gun Battalion, who commanded the machine-gun section of the left group, took command, and fought incessantly until noon, capturing a batch of prisoners and cleaning out several machine-gun nests.

At 10 H 00 a message came back from the center group:

"Second Objective. Advanced 1,200 meters. Ran into strong machine-gun opposition which bends on a semi-circle back from our lines. Have cleaned out six machine-gun nests. Opposition very strong; heavy casualties.

Gabriel."

Lieutenant Gabriel then drew back to reorganize, the few men he had left being scattered through the woods, and he moved forward again on the middle objective, Cote 370. After noon the following message was sent by him to Captain Strong.

"From Lt. Gabriel, 3 Nov. '18—13 H 15. At 25.1-83.4.

To Captain Strong.

Advanced thru woods east of road 300 yards. We skirted several machine guns, but they bunched and tried to surround us. After losing 3 men, 5 wounded, I returned to road. Machine Gun Lieutenant asked me to help him and I have moved up to top of Hill 370. Gabriel."

And at 14 H 25 Captain Strong sent in the following report:

"One Company 1st Bn. reported in position 14 H.

Present Disposition of Troops.

Co. B, 1st Bn. French on left connecting with right of our line at 24.7-83.3. Troops of 1st objective and 2d objective under command of Lt. Gabriel, 24.7-83.3; 25.0-83.2; 25.0-82.8.

Hill 370 is covered with wood and heavy undergrowth. It is at present strongly held by German machine guns who have come up since withdrawal of our troops. It will require a barrage to clear these woods out. Strong."

In the dense woods, with heavy losses, it was impossible to keep the men together, and as soon as the small attacking groups moved ahead, the enemy penetrated back into the vacated ground. They knew the paths perfectly. Accordingly in the afternoon, Lieutenant Gabriel moved the remnant of his heroic group to the west of the road to the assistance of Lieutenant Allston, and consolidated a position in the captured German trenches on the southeastern shoulder of Hill 378. In the early afternoon, Captain Knack was sent forward with B Company to reinforce the combat reconnaissance and emerged from the left front on the southeastern shoulder of the hill. The following messages were received from him:

"From Capt. Knack. At Top of Hill. 3 Nov. '18. 13 H 30; to Major Parkin. By runner.

Arrived at top of big hill under heavy machine-gun fire from our left front. Am short distance from trench and church. Am out of reach of machine-gun captain and do not have co-ordinates. Knack."

"From Capt. Knack. At 83.24-24.0. 3 Nov. '18. 17 H 00; to Major Parkin. By runner.

Am in touch with French on our left. I have no support company. All on line. Knack."

Captain Knack's timely support assisted greatly in maintaining the foothold on Hill 378 gained by the dogged persistence of the earlier attacks.

The third group, off on the right, encountered an almost impenetrable tangle of underbrush on the steep hillside and was not able to make any progress.

On the whole, the offensive reconnaissance entirely accomplished its mission, for it developed the enemy strength and the nature of his defense, showing that the woods east of the road were infested with machine guns, with paths radiating in all directions down which they fired, that the activity of the guns was very mobile, the enemy very frequently changing position and moving back into ground unoccupied. On Hill 378 the fight uncovered a strong system of machine-gun defense in trenches on the north slope, which covered any attempt at issuing from the woods at the base, from the Ravine de Moyemont. Moreover, it was learned that the enemy had a perfect system of observation and liaison with their artillery, and could bring down a barrage in a moment on any spot. Besides this information, some eleven machine

guns were captured and the crews killed or taken prisoner, at least nine having been sent to the rear. The cost was frightful, but a real foothold was obtained on Hill 378, the lines now lying along the edge of the woods at the base of the hill, from Magenta Farm, joining the French, over through the southern edge of the German trench system, into the woods east of the road behind Cote 370, and then bending south-eastward to the old line of the 315th Infantry.

Throughout the afternoon the ground taken was held and consolidated. Consolidation on this front meant that the men lay where they were, finding a shell-hole if possible, enlarging it a bit with a German shovel from a convenient corpse or with an empty "cornwillie" tin. Bayonets do not make very good shovels, but they too were used.

At Regimental Headquarters, late that afternoon, November 3, arrived Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Haedicke, just assigned to the Regiment. He came up the shelled road from Brigade Headquarters alone, and one minute after his arrival, before taking off his trench-coat, he was at work on the maps of the unknown front. And the very night of his arrival the momentous orders came to attack Hill 378.

Field Orders No. 12, Headquarters 158th Brigade, dated 3 November, 1918, 26 H, reached Regimental Headquarters about 1 H on November 4, and part of paragraph 3 reads as follows:

"The 158th Infantry Brigade, Brigadier-General Johnson commanding, will capture and occupy the Borne de Cornouiller, maintaining close combat liaison with the 15th French Colonial Division."

The 316th Infantry was chosen to accomplish the mission. Major Parkin and Major Manning were immediately summoned to "P. C. Invent" (the code name for Regimental Headquarters) for a conference. Both wires to the battalions "were out," having been broken by shell-fire, and runners had to carry the messages. In the small hours of the morning Colonel Williams worked over the plans with the battalion commanders, who then returned to the front. At five a. m., November 4, artillery opened fire on the hill and the woods on the east, intermittent concentration from 5 H 00 to 6 H 00; then a rolling barrage for several hundred meters, followed by a harassing barrage until 8 H 00. A heavy machine-gun barrage was also thrown on the hill. The left battalion under Major Parkin jumped off from the line of

the day before, his sector being west of the Hill 378 Road directly behind the hill. The right battalion under Major Manning, moved into the woods to the east of the road, the region of Cote 370, explored the previous day by the offensive reconnaissance, the eastern shoulder of Hill 378.

On the right the attack went well. At 7 H 13 the following telephone message was relayed back from Major Manning:

“From Major Manning. At 7 H 13, 4 Nov. '18. Over 'phone.

Everything going well. We have captured 7 machine guns and 39 prisoners. Left of center company of regimental line (Co. I) at 25.0-83.5. Right of right company's line at (26.0-82.8). Exact position of center of line not known, but line is practically straight.

Manning.”

And at 7 H 35, the following, from “P. C. Strong”:

“From P. C. Strong. Repeated by 'phone by Inventing 11, 4 Nov. '18. 7 H 35.

“Things are going along as reported before. Ten more prisoners, one machine gun. Enemy artillery has not increased in its fire. Hill 370 practically in our hands as far as the 365 contour.

Manning.”

A heavy fog shrouded the woods that morning, and with enemy shells bursting about them, and American shells and machine-gun bullets whistling above them, the skirmish line and combat groups crashed through the dense underbrush, shouting to one another to maintain contact. The troops walked out of the fog upon the enemy outposts and machine-gun nests at less than fifty yards, and took them on a rush at the point of the bayonet, bringing in a fine toll of prisoners and captured guns. The enemy killed in those woods are not recorded. Soon the skirmish line got as far as the American barrage and had to wait for it to lift, meantime trying to connect up with troops on the right and left. Company I, under Lieutenant Bliss, commanding, and Lieutenant Bostick, held the advance outpost, stretching along the road just back of the east crest of Hill 378, through the woods to Cote 370. The line was then continued by K and M companies under Lieutenant Ferris—Captain Somers and Lieutenant Sayres having been wounded—and Company L under Lieutenant Erickson, and Sergeant Miller after Lieutenant Erickson was wounded, back to 26.0-82.8, near

the Etraye Road. In this attack Captain Claude C. Cunningham received a fatal wound.

The left battalion under Major Parkin had the Borne de Cornouiller (Hill 378) directly in its front. The concentration for the jump-off had to be effected through dense woods and the steep slope of the Ravine de Moyemont and the Vaux de Mille Mais. The companies had to advance from the line of resistance by a single file down a narrow path, deep and sticky with mud. Just before the advance a message came from Major Parkin—"Heavy machine-gun fire sweeping my front. Came through heavy shelling." The bottom of the ravine has an elevation of 240 meters, and then comes the slope, wooded at first, to the bare top of Hill 378. The Germans were intrenched in a hastily dug, but complete, system of trenches the whole length of the southern slope of the hill, and could fire point-blank on troops emerging from the woods. The fog was thick, however, and the attack started. The machine guns opened up from the trenches, and then the troops clashed in the fog and mist. It was hand to hand work, and soon a few prisoners were sent to the rear, bringing the toll for the day up to some seventy, but many of the enemy died at their machine guns. At 7 H 55 the following message was sent:

"From Major Parkin, 4 Nov. '18. 7 H 55. By Runner.
To C. O. 316th Inf.

"My right is on the objective. My left approaching under machine-gun fire. Am protected by heavy fog. Expect to be shelled if fog lifts. Line crosses Hill 378 and extends to right and left. Am in touch with 3d En. on my right. Have patrol on left to keep in touch with French but cannot see whether I am in touch. Would ask for counter-battery if fog lifts. Parkin."

This was the last definite message to be received from the First Battalion. Major Parkin, who had been commended for his brilliant leadership north of Montfaucon by the Commanding General, had driven the enemy over the crest of 378, the German strategic stronghold east of the Meuse, and was even then engaging them on the summit in terrific battle. Brigade Headquarters, however, received some little information from the French on the left:

"From French Unit on Left. To C. O. 316 Inf. Received by 'phone from Italy at 9 H 20, 4 Nov. '18.

"The Americans have progressed on our right and have

taken 10 machine guns and 40 prisoners. The battalion Gillet will progress in liaison with the 316th Infantry from 9 o'clock on. No artillery fire will be made on Hill 378. There will be nothing but machine-gun fire on sight. The movements of the battalion will, therefore, be done by the right. It is very important to take a foothold on the crest of Le Haut Chene so as to encircle Villeneuve Farm."

At 10 H 30 a message of congratulation was sent to the two battalion commanders:

"From C. O. 316th Inf. At P. C., 4 Nov. '18. 10 H 30.

By runners. To Major Parkin and Major Manning.

"Brigade commander congratulates you on the work you have done, to which I add mine. As soon as you have reached your objectives, consolidate and hold. Send nothing forward stronger than patrols of line shown to you last night. Get information to me whenever possible.

Williams."

Meantime, however, no additional messages came from the battalion on Hill 378, and the feeling at Regimental Headquarters grew tense. The frightful bursts of enemy shells on the hill could be heard, interspersed with the constant crackling of rifles and machine guns. In the mists shrouding the hill a lone battle was raging, but no runner succeeded in coming out of it. Even the wires up to First Battalion P. C., which had been used during the attack to relay runner messages to the rear, were broken by the bombardment. No men, no news. At noon the Commanding Officer ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke, just arrived the previous night, to gather together the First Battalion Reserve, D Company, under Lieutenant Maxwell McKeen, and to take it forward to reinforce the front, taking command of the lines in person. Lieutenant McKeen had just rejoined the Regiment the day before from the hospital.

Another hour, and still no news—and at 13 H 30 Captain Glock was sent forward with two machine guns, going toward the hill by way of the First Battalion to comb in every available man for reinforcement. At 13 H 43 a message came over the repaired wires from the First Battalion P. C. Major Parkin had sent a runner at 12 H 10 from the top of the hill with a verbal message. "Am being outflanked" was all the runner could remember. He thought it was from both flanks, but he was nearly dead from excitement and exhaustion, and could tell nothing further.

From Regimental Headquarters Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke set off to assemble the sixty men of D Company, and then advanced along the Hill Road on the edge of the woods. It was during the advance that Lieutenant McKeen received a mortal wound from a sniper's bullet. The first report from this group along the road reads as follows:

"From 1 Bn. Comdr. At 24.85-83.80. 4 Nov. '18. 15 H 40.

By Captain Bothwell (also by 'phone) to C.O. 316th Inf.

Company C had to fall back to position 24.80-83.90 to 24.70-83.70, consisting of shell-holes and shallow trenches which they are holding. Four machine guns in support of C Company. Total strength Company C, 25 men. Lieut. Symington shot thru leg by M. G. bullet. Co. B entirely lost sight of. Was last seen at 11 H 30 on crest of Hill 378 on left of C Company. Co. I position extreme left 24.80-83.90. Heavy artillery barrage from edge of woods at 24.80-83.90 to along crest of hill in westerly direction from 3.20 p. m. to present time. *Contact entirely lost on our left flank. There is a gap of about 1,000 meters.* Crest of Hill 378 left half occupied by enemy. Company D (65 men) is used to hold present line. Need reinforcement immediately. Need ammunition for machine guns. At 3.30 p. m. heavy enemy M. G. fire in sector held by Company I. Haedicke.

Captain Glock and Lieutenant Foight, who had gathered together about sixty men, went forward following the line of Major Parkin's advance in the morning through the Ravine de Moyemont. Enemy aeroplanes sighted the small groups of reinforcements, and laid down a barrage both on the road and the ravine. The group in the hollow, as it filed through the narrow path in the tangle, lost seven men from this shell-fire within a few minutes. As the men crept up the lower slopes of the hill an enemy plane swooped close over their heads, opening its machine gun on them. After a brief concealment in a patch of underbrush, they resumed their slow advance, and in the trenches on the hill found the dead left by the morning attack. But there remained not a living soul, not one man of the battalion that had swept up the hill in the morning. Creeping from shell-hole to shell-hole, the men filtered up the hill into the gap in the lines, and at dusk joined up with the northern outpost of I Company's thin line, which stretched southward into the woods from the southeastern shoulder of

378 toward Cote 370. There were not enough men in the reinforcement to fill the whole gap between I Company and the French far to the left, and the line merely zigzagged east and west in shell-hole groups of two and three just back of the open crest of the hill, ignorant of the fate of the First Battalion that morning, and awaiting into the night the fortunes of war.

It was not until later that the story of the morning attack was learned. Major Parkin's battalion had forged through the Ravine de Moyemont in spite of the gas and high-explosive barrage, breasted the sweep of machine-gun fire which met it as it emerged onto the lower slopes of 378, and then clashed hand to hand with the enemy in his hillside trenches. A short delay, the trenches mopped-up, and the small battalion fought the enemy back over the brow of the hill. Then the Germans grazed a murderous band of machine-gun fire over the crest, and Major Parkin halted his men in shell-holes behind the crest to reorganize. In the fog, still dense, it was impossible to see more than fifty yards. The flank patrol on the left, sent to maintain liaison with the French, who were likewise attacking, sent one message that it had not yet been able to find them, and then it was heard of no more. Scouts on the flank, however, reported seeing in the valley to the west, around Villeneuve Farm, soldiers in blue or gray uniform. About this time Major Parkin was very seriously wounded, and the next in command, Captain Louis C. Knack, was killed. The fog commenced lifting, and German aeroplanes came out and hovered overhead, gaining perfect information of the small numbers opposing them. They flew northward, and in a few minutes the enemy fire suddenly ceased. From the valley to the left, from in front of the French, several companies of German infantry swarmed out of the mist and surrounded the remnant of the battalion on the crown of the hill. They had concentrated in the fog, moved through the valley back of Villeneuve Farm, and when the planes stopped the German fire, rushed the hill with grenades. The little group fought desperately, until, surrounded five to one, the few left living were rushed northward into the German lines.

The account of the French attack on the left, which had been unable to advance its lines at all that day, is contained in their own report sent to the Regiment on November 5:

"Bulletin of Liaison with 316th Infantry—Received

from French Unit—Translated by Lieutenant Castel:
“November 4—9 H—The First Battalion reached the Ridge Chapelle Pantaleon-Ferme Magenta. The enemy who had instructions to resist at all costs (this information received from prisoners) made a strong resistance.

“17 H—Our covering patrols reached outskirts of Ville-neuve Ferme where they now are in face of short range fire of enemy machine guns. This patrol was flanked by machine-gun fire from Hill 378 and troops were obliged to draw back of a line marked by ridge from Chapelle Pantaleon-Magenta Ferme.

“18 H—A dark night stopped all infantry operations. The First Battalion takes position in the outpost line on a line indicated by a bush, which is the point of liaison with the 316th Infantry. During the night the enemy tried counter-attacks aided by violent artillery fire to repulse our advanced elements. These counter-attacks were repulsed.”

To resume the narrative of operations, the situation presented on the night of November 4 was a thin shell-hole defense across Hill 378, and extending back on the right to Cote 370, occupying the conquest of that morning. Soon after dark the enemy became very active over the whole front, dropping rifle-grenade and minenwerfer shells, and opening up sudden and alarming bursts with machine guns, keeping up this fire intermittently all night. At about 20 H 00 a large combat patrol of over fifty men came up along the Hill Road from the German “lager” on the northern slope, but Lieutenant Foight’s two machine guns in the woods at the edge of the road covered the approach perfectly, and drove them off with a steady fusillade at short range. An hour later a silent patrol dropped a “potato masher” upon one of these machine guns, killing the gunner, wounding one, and putting the gun out of action. The gun was replaced by a German machine gun found in the vicinity. The bare hilltop was alive with patrols, and the men could not refrain from premature fire. One daring German patrol, however, got within fifty feet of the outposts before it was fired on, and four of the party were killed, including a lieutenant of the 48th Infantry. One of the outposts also picked up a prisoner from the 92d Regiment who had become lost from a food-carrying party. He reported two fresh German battalions just north of the hill. The enemy sent up flares

constantly from the northwest shoulder of the hill, lighting up the skyline, and causing the loss of the one patrol.

After midnight Lieutenant Harry S. Gabriel was sent up to assist Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke, whose headquarters was a shell-hole north of P. C. Strong, and the Gas Officer, Lieutenant Robert M. Laird, and the Liaison Officer, Lieutenant James M. Guiher, were sent up to Captain Glock, bringing the news that Major Manning was to attack the following morning, and that the troops on the hill were to join the assaulting columns as they pushed over the hill. While waiting for morning and the attack, the troops on the hill had several brushes with the enemy, holding up and forcing the surrender of four Germans in the woods near the German lager.

November 3 marks the offensive reconnaissances, November 4 marks the sweeping of the hill by Major Parkin, and November 5 marks the attack of Major Manning. At 8 H 30 the American artillery opened up a beautiful barrage, which fell just 200 meters over the crest of the hill. The men waiting on the hill could feel the swish of the passing shells just over their heads. Shortly before 9 H Major Manning's Provisional Battalion, consisting of L Company, a group from mixed companies, and K Company, 315th Infantry, under Captain Carroll, was seen advancing up the hill. The group waiting behind the crest then drew over to the right in order to be abreast of the battalion as it jumped off over the brow. During the concentration of the battalion at the base of the hill, and during the advance up the slope it was met by terrific artillery fire. The casualties were severe, and the depleted lines wavered. Major Manning strode in front of his line, cane in hand, and by his words of exhortation and by his brave example and leadership, drew the men after him. They reached the crest, disposing of a group of enemy on the northwest shoulder, and there, in the very forefront of his battalion, Major Manning was struck by a bullet and instantly killed. His heroic deed was rewarded posthumously by a D. S. C. A few minutes after his death Lieutenant Lawrence Ayers was mortally wounded.

The fragments of the command, now joined on the right by the men who had spent the night on the hill, filtered over the crest and down the bare northern slope. From the left, at Sillon Fontaine Farm, from the nests along the Sivry-Reville Road, at the very base of the slope, from Solferino

Farm, a cluster of stone houses on the opposite slope of the valley, and from the woods to the east, the Bois de la Grande Montagne, a hail of machine-gun fire broke out. From the Bois d'Ecurey and the Reville Valley the enemy poured high explosive upon the scattered troops, who were gradually dwindling to nothing. German aeroplanes were now overhead, observing the effect of the German fire. Soon there would be no one left to protect the right flank beyond I Company against attack from the woods. The French had made no progress on the left, and Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke, who was on the road at the top of the hill, directing the movement in person, ordered the few score remaining troops to assemble and consolidate in the woods on the east shoulder of the hill, and again to swing a shell-hole defense along the crest of the hill. Captain Strong, who had led the Second Battalion in support of the Provisional Battalion, and who had rallied the troops on the crest of the hill, was directed to form his lines back of the crest in support. Company K of the 315th Infantry, and Company L, under Lieutenant Erickson, were on the left of the front line. The fragments of Captain Glock's Provisional Battalion, with Lieutenants Laird, Gabriel, Dreher and Foight, were on the right of the hill, joining with I Company in the woods.

In this position the lines remained, the men in shell-holes in small groups, awaiting further orders. The enemy kept dropping shells on the hill all afternoon and all that night. Lieutenant Erickson was wounded, and also Lieutenant Guiher, the Liaison Officer, who had joined K Company under Lieutenant Ferris. While reconnoitering the flank with Lieutenant Clofine, a sniper's bullet had wounded Lieutenant Guiher severely. Lieutenant Botsford, who had just rejoined the Regiment from the hospital, where his Montfaucon wound had sent him, resumed duty with the battalion on the hill.

The men had had no food for two days, and no water except that collected in shell-holes, and no men could be sent to the rear as carrying parties. Effort to bring supplies from the rear was not successful, except that reinforcements for K Company, where a counter-attack was greatly feared, brought along a good supply of rations for that part of the line.

Meantime, Colonel Williams, suffering from gas and the ceaseless labors of day and night, became ill. He had moved

his Regimental Headquarters up to P. C. Manning at 7 H 00 that morning, and when he heard of Major Manning's death, and from the French of a threatened counter-attack by the Germans, he tried to go up himself to the front lines. At the entrance to the P. C. he fell and had to be carried to a bunk. The Regimental Surgeon and Battalion Sergeant-Major Davitt were alone at P. C. Manning, and they telephoned to General Johnson. Captain Lindsay of the Headquarters Company, who came in later, was put in command temporarily until Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke was brought from the lines. Captain Lindsay had been working night and day as the Commanding Officer's personal representative on the lines, and was well acquainted with conditions at the front.

Just before Colonel Williams' collapse, occurred one of those incidents that the directors of war movies revel in. Wires were cut in all directions; the Advance P. C. was virtually isolated, when the message came in by runner announcing the death of Major Manning, and adding that a counter-attack was forming, concluding with a request for a barrage at once. Shelling in the area about the P. C. was at this moment intense, making it impossible for runners to get through alive. It was absolutely essential that word get back to the artillery to lay on the German lines and quickly. But with no wires, and runners blocked, it looked as if the message would not get back at all, when Sergeant-Major Davitt bethought himself of a lone pigeon still available. Colonel Williams hurriedly wrote the message, it was tied to the pigeon's leg—and, unmindful of shelling, the bird was off and away to the cote at Division Headquarters in Vacherauville. Within a remarkably short time a deadly barrage was curtaining the Americans from German attack.

In compliance with brigade orders, Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke, who had reached P. C. Manning at about 18 H 00, went back to the old P. C. in the dugout above Molleville Farm to confer with the commanders of the Second Battalion of the 313th Infantry and the Third Battalion of the 315th Infantry, who were to attack on November 6, 1918, and relieve the 316th Infantry.

Field Orders No. 15, Headquarters 158th Brigade, states in paragraph 3, "The detachment will step off from the line on Hill 378 now occupied by our troops, at 8 H 30, 6 November, 1918." Upon the passage of lines on the hill crest, on line 24.0-84.0 to 25.0-84.0, the Commanding Officer

of the 316th was to give orders to have the troops on the hill withdrawn for reorganization, excepting Companies I, K and a portion of L, which were to remain holding their position in the woods.

Meantime the troops on the hill held their ground. The words of the Commanding Officer, "Hold the hill at all cost," took a new significance for these men who had lain in shell-holes under constant fire, many of them having had nothing to eat since the morning of the fourth. All that night they watched, listening to the moan of heavies, destined, perhaps for Verdun, and the next morning they waited for the advancing troops to pass through their lines.

But early in the morning the enemy artillery came down on the hill and the woods to the rear, and the troops were not to be seen. At 10 H 55 a platoon of E Company of the 313th Infantry came up the hill just to the west of the road in perfect platoon column, despite the bursting shells. A sergeant was in command, and upon inquiry, said he had lost contact with his right and left, but had kept going. His platoon was joined to the front lines on the crest of the hill to await his company. The day wore on, and the enemy planes came out, hovering over the hill with their black crosses showing plainly, the pilot peering down at the shell-holes and shooting his machine gun from an elevation of 200 yards.

At about noon a small enemy patrol emerged from the woods on the northwestern slope and was driven back in a lively little skirmish. Meantime, runners had located the relieving battalions in the woods about a kilometer back of the hill and led the commander of the leading battalion up to "P. C. Glock." He explained that the terrific enemy fire had shaken his lines and he planned to go over at 14 H 00. A message requesting a barrage sent to Regimental Headquarters at 12 H 35 was received at P. C. Manning at 13 H 10, and the artillery brought down a barrage on the advance slopes of Hill 378. It was a splendid piece of work. Again, however, the enemy planes circled overhead and brought down heavy fire, breaking up any attempt at an advance.

In the middle of the afternoon a strong combat patrol was discovered moving through the woods from the northwest upon the outposts. Perhaps this was part of a general counter-attack which later intelligence reports mention as having been broken up by artillery fire. The combat group

opened fire on the outposts with automatic rifles, and the affair looked serious, but they were driven off by automatics, and the German machine guns which had been set up by the extreme outpost. In the shelling which the enemy put down at this time, Lieutenant Dreher, who had been in the fray from the beginning, and Lieutenant Botsford, the latter having come to the lines from the hospital only the night before, were wounded and evacuated.

The lines held their ground on top of the hill, however, and at 17 H 00 a relief was commenced by the Second Battalion of the 313th Infantry, behind which the Third Battalion of the 315th Infantry moved in support. The relief was completed after dark, the hill troops reaching P. C. Manning at 18 H 45. During the relief the enemy kept firing flares from the valley north of the hill, but there was very little firing, his activity having died down considerably in the late afternoon. The companies in the woods to the east of the road, I under Lieutenants Bliss and Bostick, K under Lieutenant Clofine, and L, now under Lieutenant Ferris, held their ground under orders, and the command of the Third Battalion was turned over to Captain J. Edgar Murdock.

Major H. Harrison Smith had reported to Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke at 16 H 15, and was immediately sent forward to make a survey and report on the situation, and again that night he and Captain Lindsay were sent forward to carry orders for the attack of the next day to the battalion commanders on the hill. The plans for this attack were the same as for the previous day, except that the lines were to step-off at 8 H 10.

Lieutenant-Colonel Burt of the 315th Infantry had been sent forward on November 6 to get in touch with the situation and to assist Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke. At 8 H 15 on the morning of the 7th, when the two battalions of the 313th and 315th moved forward, the command of the advance passed to Lieutenant-Colonel Burt. The 316th Infantry, however, turned over its non-commissioned staff to the provisional organization and maintained the complete system of liaison from the top of the hill back to P. C. Manning with its headquarters runners and with a telephone line under Sergeant Walter S. Fisher of the signal platoon which ran forward to "P. C. Glock."

The advance was preceded by a barrage and at 11 H 00 report was received that the first objective had been taken,

the railroad line in the valley north of Hill 378. Company E of the 313th Infantry reported, "Company E has taken objective; no resistance," and Company F reported, "Have reached objective with 20 men—No casualties reported." The American artillery was helping magnificently, weakening the enemy machine-gun fire, and by mid-afternoon a reorganization was effected to proceed against the second objective, the Tranchée des Clairs Chênes, a thousand meters ahead of the first objective. At 15 H 00 the second movement was launched, and at 18 H 30 word came that the lines were at the Tranchée des Clairs Chênes.

During the day of the 7th the Regiment rested, Captain Goetz being placed in provisional command of the First Battalion and Captain Murdock in provisional command of the Third.

The night of the 7-8 November, the companies of the Third Battalion remained on the line in the woods which they had held since November 3. The non-commissioned staff and liaison system were still at the disposal of the Provisional Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Burt. Lieutenant Colonel Haedicke took vigorous measures to get food to the men in the lines, and those resting in the dugouts, and Lieutenant Detwiler of the Supply Company started hot food in the rolling kitchens, with orders to have "chow" ready, hot and steaming, at all hours of the day and night.

Company F, under Lieutenant Harris, carried food, water and ammunition to the companies still in the woods, the carriers exchanging their filled canteens of water for the empty ones of the men in the line. Lieutenant Furey, the Liaison Officer from the 315th Infantry, who had been fighting with the 316th since November 4, and who had sustained a wound, took companies C and D to carry food to Lieutenant-Colonel Burt's men.

Major Cornwell, the Regimental Surgeon, scoured the woods for any wounded and Chaplain Wright and Chaplain McNary continued their work of burying the dead. Also, the heroic labors of Lieutenants Bourque and Harding in caring for the wounded will never be forgotten.

Hill 378—Cornwilly Hill, as the doughboys dubbed it, distorting the French Cornouiller, and aptly expressing his dislike of the place, had been won. To the 316th Infantry, as General Kuhn in his tribute later wrote, had fallen the task of removing an "obstacle of the most serious character, breaking the enemy's resistance and contributing materially

to driving the enemy from the heights east of the Meuse a few days later." The task had been accomplished, the Regiment had written an immortal page in history, acquitting itself, as the Commanding General noted, "with the greatest credit and in a manner worthy of the best American traditions." The whole backbone of German resistance on this front had been smashed. The soldier's creed is that victory is worth the cost. The 316th knows how great was the price paid, for not in mere total of dead and wounded, appalling as that was, is its loss to be reckoned. On 378 lie buried a devoted band—among the bravest and the best.

Meantime the orders issued from Brigade Headquarters for the attack of November 8. The line of attack was now to swing eastward toward Etraye, Reville and Ecurey. The 315th Infantry on the right was to execute a passage of the lines of the Third Battalion, 316th Infantry, in the woods to the east of the Hill 378 road, whereupon they were to stand relieved. The Machine Gun Company of the 316th was attached to the 315th for the movement. On the left Lieutenant-Colonel Burt's provisional detachment was to move upon Reville. Even now the work of the 316th was not ended, for Captain Strong, with a provisional battalion, composed of Companies E and G, and of A and B Companies, under Lieutenant Gabriel, was sent into the woods just back of Hill 378 in the early morning hours of November 8 as Brigade Reserve for the movement of November 9.

Throughout that day the part of the Regiment not engaged worked at burying its dead and reorganizing its companies. The heavy losses of the preceding days of fighting and the exhaustion of battle had to be overcome in order to pursue the enemy. About noon the lines of the 315th passed through Company I in the woods, southeast of Hill 378, and at 15 H 00 they passed through L Company and at 15 H 15 through Company K. For five days these Third Battalion troops had held this strip of woods along the east of the road, and with scarcely any food or water, suffering a gradual extermination from enemy patrols and enemy fire, they protected this exposed flank facing the wooded stronghold of the Bois de la Grande Montagne, while the rest of the Regiment took and occupied Hill 378.

The relieved companies moved into the old First Battalion dugouts for the night. Captain Strong moved his battalion for the night as Brigade Reserve north of Hill 378 into the Réville Valley. At Regimental Headquarters Major Elliott

with a battalion of the 313th and a machine gun company moved into the Bois de Consenvoye in the evening and had a piping-hot meal from Lieutenant Detwiler's kitchens. Also, that night, the Regiment received one hundred and fifty replacements, all new men, who were promptly apportioned out to the depleted companies.

In the small hours of November 9, orders came for the Regiment to march at 6 H 00 down the Etraye Valley. Captain Strong's battalion was to rejoin the Regiment, which was to move as Brigade Reserve, following the advance of the 315th. The Machine Gun Company, which had operated with the advance battalion of the 313th on the 6th, was attached on the morning of the 9th to the support battalion of the 315th, which had spent the night in the woods northwest of Etraye. For the march down the Etraye Valley the 316th had attached Companies A and C of the 312th Machine Gun Battalion.

The march down the Etraye Valley will never be forgotten. The Regiment concentrated at the crossroads by P. C. Manning just after dawn. A light rain was falling and the road was ankle deep with mud. There was not a sound of artillery fire and the men kept bunching up, despite the constant efforts of the few officers to keep them separated against possible shell-fire. The march commenced at 6 H 00, and first passed through the old German lines, their dead lying in the gutter by the road. Part way down the wooded valley a great "lager," or camp, was passed, long clusters of buildings with bath houses and amusement halls. The paths through the woods were carefully covered with camouflage, and where they opened into the road had gates with rustic arches. The havoc wrought by the shell-fire of the American guns on this "lager" and the whole valley below to Etraye, brought cheer to the hearts of the infantry, and remains with them as a memorial to the excellence of the American artillery.

Near the "lager" the Germans, in their retirement, had felled a large tree across the road, and pioneers worked frantically sawing it up while the infantry passed around it. As the column emerged from the ravine before reaching Etraye, the enemy artillery opened upon the road, several hundred meters ahead. The men stopped munching the round loaves of bread which were suspended around their necks by shoe strings through the middle, but, seeing that the shells were not creeping up the road, plodded along.

The head of the column reached Etraye at 9 H 45, but immediately the Regiment, less Major Strong's battalion, was disposed in double lines on the hill south and southeast of Etraye. Orders were to follow the attack at 2,000 meters as Brigade Reserve, and the Regiment was disposed in readiness to follow when the advancing elements gained their distance. At 10 H 30 the 315th Infantry called upon the 316th for a battalion to serve as a reserve to the First Battalion of the 315th, which was to attack from Etraye. The Third Battalion, under Captain Murdock, was placed at their command, and Captain Murdock reported to Major Pierson for orders. Shortly after Major Pierson issued orders to hold the troops in readiness where they were, he was killed, and Captain Murdock maintained his position, awaiting the call to use his reserve.

Captain Strong's battalion was attached to the 315th Infantry, and went ahead in support of the attacking troops, which had Romagne sous les Cotes as their objective. This town was protected by four hills rising out of the plains, heavily wired and intrenched and fortified with a machine-gun defense. The advance was checked and at 16 H 30 Major Strong established a P. C. in Wavrille, with his men disposed along the railroad and road running from Damvillers to Crepion. After more than a week of fighting it is not surprising that he wrote the following message:

"From Captain Strong—Nov. 9, '18. At Wavrille—16 H 30. To Invent 1. By runner—

"P. C. at Wavrille. Am hungry, thirsty and in need of candles. Strong."

This appealing message was answered by a detail of men from the Regimental Band which, under Lieutenant Gabriel, felt its way in the darkness over unknown ground, laden down with hard bread, salmon and corned beef.

The Machine Gun Company of the 316th also participated in the action of November 9, stopping for the night to dig in along the railroad running from Damvillers to Crepion.

On the morning of November 10, Colonel George Williams reported back to the Regiment from the hospital and again took command.

For one more day Captain Strong's battalion and the Machine Gun Company of the 316th were employed under the 315th Infantry. On November 10, the rest of the Regiment being in reserve, including an attached battalion

of the 315th under Major H. Harrison Smith, he attacked from the railroad at 7 H 30, and advanced through the fog toward Gibercy and the valley between Cote 319 and Cote de Morimont. The enemy laid down an artillery barrage, but could not use his machine guns to great advantage. At this time Lieutenant Spencer S. Large, commanding B Company, was wounded. La Thinte Ruisseau, a small but deep stream running north and south, was crossed by means of litters, no logs being available. When the fog lifted, the battalion, advanced almost a kilometer east of Gibercy to a crossroad at the base of Cote 328, found itself flanked by the hills, with advance or retirement cut off by the enemy machine guns concealed on the hillsides. They dug in where they were; and the Machine Gun Company, following along in the rear, withdrew in the night to the railroad embankment from where it could fire upon the formidable hills. At 4 H 00 on the morning of the 11th, the Machine Gun Company was relieved and Captain Orr reported back to the Regiment. The battalion under Captain Strong was relieved at about 7 H 30 on the morning of the 11th and returned to German dugouts on the hillside above Etraye.

VIII

“Finie la Guerre”

Through the haze of battle rumors, ghostly intangible rumors, had been floating about the lines of an impending German collapse, of the flight of the Kaiser, the assassination of the Crown Prince, the proclamation of a German republic, the request for an armistice—oh, a hundred and one reports which the battle-tired men of the 316th discussed with that skepticism born of many disappointments. Reports of peace amid the angry buzz of machine gun bullets, the constant roar of artillery, seemed like fantastic, wild dreams. Few credited them. News from the outside world in those tremendous days was a crazy patchwork of fact and fancy. The collapse of Turkey, the conquest of Bulgaria, the downfall of Austria—generally known to have been accomplished—seemed to make Germany's defeat certain, but that that defeat was a matter of hours few dared to believe. The attempt to conceive that stupendous conflict at an end, all those belching guns hushed, was too staggering for the average man's imagination. He gave it up without trying, busying himself instead in getting what rest he could in the shell-holes about Etraye. Rest to the 316th on November 11 was synonymous with heaven, for the Regiment was dog tired. Its spirit was far from gone, but it ached in every muscle and grabbed with avid enjoyment the opportunity to relax. Tomorrow it might be—and was expected to be—“forward”—today it was sufficient to burrow into the wet earth and stretch under a slicker, perchance to sleep.

Out beyond Damvillers the guns thundered, and from behind, the American cannon growled their reply—a constant, uninterrupted fire. The 316th lay in its holes virtually undisturbed, for few of the shells fell in its immediate area. To be out of the zone of heavy shelling was blessing enough for a day.

At 10 H 00 on November 11 the shelling steadily increased to a frenzied crescendo of violence. A doughboy in L Company turned to his bunkie. “Armistice,” he said with deep disgust, “Armistice, hell. Listen to that.”

And then at a few minutes before 11 H 00 the great news came in the form of an official message through Regimental Headquarters to Battalion Headquarters and then to Company Commanders:

"From Invent 1—At P. C. Date: 11 Nov. '18—Hour: 10 H 15—How Sent: Runner—To Bn. Cmdrs.

"The following has just been received from Brigade Headquarters. You will see that these instructions are strictly complied with. The runner bringing this will give you the correct time. Quote—From Itasca 1 (Through Italy 1) Date: 11 Nov. '18—Hour 9 H 00—How Sent: Telephone—To Italy 1: Hostilities on the whole front after 11 H 00 will cease today, French time. Until that hour the operations previously ordered will be pressed with vigor. At 11 H 00 our line will halt in place, and no man will move one step backward or forward. All men will cease firing and dig in. In case the enemy does not likewise suspend firing, firing will be resumed, but no further advance permitted. No fraternization will be allowed. Brigade and other Commanders concerned with the importance of transmitting these orders to the troops and securing their strict enforcement. Rockets and other signals may be used to notify the front line of the arrival of the eleventh hour. Itasca 1—Quote. Continued from Italy 1—Quote. In order to carry out at once the foregoing, notify your Battalion Commanders and through them all, troops of your Regiment. The Battalion at front has been ordered back. Place it in position well forward of crest of hill just in rear of Waverville—Johnson, Brigadier-General, Commanding Quote. Williams, Colonel."

Per C. E. Glock, Capt. 316th Inf. Adjt.

Company commanders lost no time giving the news to their men. Most of them contented themselves with the brief announcement, "Firing ceases at 11 H 00. Hold your positions and dig in," and most of the men received the news with a wan smile which expanded into wide-eyed amazement as suddenly all the clamor of those thousand guns ceased and a vast, almost unearthly quiet ensued. It was uncanny, eerie, as of another world, that quiet, and for a long moment the stunned infantry waited breathless for they knew not what.

And then it began to dawn on them, the war was really, actually "fini," and a smile the length of the Regiment—the

length of the battle line for that matter—the smile of a tired child—displaced that first expression of total amazement.

A smile—that's all. As far as the 316th is concerned there was no cheering, no shouting, no overflowing of spirits. In the valley below, the artillerymen set up a giant shout of exultation and floated Old Glory to the winds. But on the hills of Etraye quiet reigned.

Followed a vast lassitude as of a spent runner who has made his goal. The Regiment rested. Gradually it emerged from its holes. Slowly it realized there was no need longer to live like the mole, and methodically it set about getting comfortable for the night, taking over what elephant huts and sheds were available. For the first time, that night cigarettes glowed in the dark without a growl from the "top," and camp fires shed a cheerful warmth over shell-hole and shelter half. That was the extent of the 316th's celebration, and that was enough. But not so thought the Germans, and the night of the eleventh saw the Boche line aflame with all the accumulated pyrotechnics of a campaign. A thousand Fourth of July's reeled into one—that display. It lighted the leaden heavens in a dazzle of radiant color, and drew from the Yanks unbegrudged admiration. Gradually the American and French fronts followed suit until for miles a constant ascension of starshells and rockets of every description followed. A fitting finish to the greatest day in history. The 316th *slept* that night.

The next day the Regiment passed under command of Colonel Garrison McCaskey who was to inject into it new life, new vim, new "pep" and make it look like a victorious army should, but, alas, rarely does.

IX

Holding the Front

The shell-hole period was over. Outwardly the same muddy, tired, strained, but still sturdy, doughboys of Hill 378—inwardly a quiet, vast content—overhead a smiling sun—the 316th, now 1,600 men strong and reinforced by new increments of officers, moved forward on November 13 under the invigorating leadership of Colonel McCaskey to hold its part of the post-armistice front. It was the same France as two days before, but many a man brushed his eyes in something like amazement as the battalions marched out in column of squads. The hills about Romagne rose serene and imposing in the distance, the woods glistened with a new radiance, the valleys lay under a bejeweled blanket of dew—and everywhere that still, extraordinary quiet broken now by only the singing of a myriad of birds. Nature was celebrating the arrival of peace, but the unpoetic man in the ranks attributed all this sunshine and fragrance to the ending of the artillery fire.

The Division Orders were that the 158th Brigade would take over "the sector now occupied by the 13th Colonial French Division" and the relief was carried out with war time precision and promptness. The relief order bore little of the breath of peace in its words. The enemy was out there somewhere in front. He had given his word to "get out" and that quickly, but precaution was still the watchword. Machine guns and artillery were deposed with a careful eye to the tactical requirements, and while the larger part of the command was arranged with a view to improving the physical condition of the men and perfecting supply and equipment, all were held in instant readiness for an advance, obeying General Kuhn's strict instructions.

The Third Battalion, under Captain Charles E. Loane, Jr., who had been wounded in the Bois de Beuge, but who had since returned from the hospital, was placed in the outpost line, relieving units of the 32d Division, for, the Frenchmen, supposed to be there, had quickly "parteed" to other parts. The battalion occupied a bundle of huts that looked

like palaces just then, east of the Damvillers-Peuvillers Road. Outposts were quickly established by Company M, liaison maintained with the 315th Infantry on the right and the 128th on the left, and "watchful waiting" inaugurated. In rear the rest of the Regiment disposed itself about Réville, and proceeded to make itself "comfortable"—a word which had suddenly taken on new meaning. Mechanics' tools were resurrected, the woods beyond the Damvillers-Peuvillers Road proved a vast storehouse of cots and stoves, lumber and fuel. The woods, as Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke observed, were full of 'em. Those Boches certainly did believe in comfort for themselves—and a period of reconstruction and clean-up began.

The First Battalion under Major Smith was located in what had apparently been a German prison-camp—a vile, indescribably filthy pen. But the 316th's reputation at Meade as the cleanest regiment in the division, had not been idly earned, and the place was soon transformed into a quite habitable spot. The Second Battalion under Captain Strong emulated the mountain goat in the "cliffs" about the Regimental P. C., and rapidly got into form for that notable day when, at Issoncourt, they were declared to be the neatest, tidiest, prettiest outfit on the Rue Nationale—or words to that effect.

While keenly "watching" it was not all "waiting" out in front. Headquarters decided to make assurance doubly sure, and a patrolling system was instituted on November 17. Daily for the next few days one platoon under an officer went out into the former enemy territory, through Romagne, Mangienne, Merle, and the intervening woods in search of Boches and straying ex-prisoners of war and other things. These "other things" were not mentioned in the lieutenant's report to headquarters but they burdened the mails later, for right there certain platoons got a running start in the great sport of souvenir hunting which saw its palmiest days in the weeks that followed "finie la guerre." Aside from directing prisoners and weary civilians, the patrols had little to do except hike—and hunt—on these thirty kilometer missions. Not a sign of a living Boche anywhere—but everywhere indications of the indefinite stay he had expected to make in those parts. Cots—stoves—lumber—fuel—in vast quantities throughout the Bois de Damvillers and the woods and towns all about. Streams of repatriated prisoners came trudging back and were escorted to headquarters by

Third Battalion details. Slowly civilians crept into the ruined towns, backs bent under huge burdens, a deal of woe in their eyes as they viewed for the first time the wreck wrought by the Prussians, but that indomitable courage in their hearts which won the everlasting respect of any who saw its manifestation.

A typical report of one of the patrols was that sent by Lieutenant Richard Ferries. It read: "Three French prisoners found and six American souvenir hunters turned over to proper authorities." These souvenir hunters, not being members of the 79th, were probably, or should have been, shot at sunrise. This neck of the woods was "closed" territory and sacred to the victors of Hill 378. No competition allowed—but there was lots of it just the same, and they learned to be mighty wary of patrols and such. Thus, one report by Lieutenant George Bliss candidly admits: "Saw three Americans, but they dodged into the woods and we were unable to find them."

In the meantime, drill and cleaning up were keeping the men busy, and visions of home began to loom large. The Germans having plainly decided not to stage a come-back, the American forces turned their attention to that still peskier foe—the cootie—and from then on until the Regiment sailed for home it was war to the death, with disastrous results for the cooties, although a few snipers held out until the very end. Regular bathing was instituted and rigid inspections—the joy of the private's heart—became the order of the day. The famous Gold-Dust Twins had nothing on the Old Dutch Cleansers in the 316th, and it was a well-nigh spotless outfit that lined up for battalion, regimental, division and C. in C. "once-overs" ever so often, and sometimes oftener.

The progress made in a few weeks was well demonstrated in the Réville area at a review before the Brigade Commander. New brooms sweep clean, and it was plainly manifest that under Colonel McCaskey and Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke the Regiment had set itself new standards and was proceeding to attain them. There was an unwonted briskness as the battalions marched by General Johnson in column of companies and a smartness of appearance at the inspection that showed the fatigue of battle was fast vanishing.

From that day on it was a case of steady progress. Colonel McCaskey's idea was that each day's goal must be surpassed on the morrow. This spirit prevented any relaxation and

kept the Regiment's standard of efficiency always at top-notch.

Whatever monotony might have been in that period was relieved by the avalanche of rumors that suddenly descended out of nowhere and multiplied like a healthy cootie. The Division was to go home in December, January, February, March, April, May,—any month you pleased, according to whether you believed in the judgment of Major Cornwell or Captain Christensen or Lieutenant Cole, or the Colonel's orderly who told it to Private Whatshisname who repeated it—and so on. Then it was scheduled for Siberia, Poland, Czecho-Slavia, Japan, Mexico, the Philippines, etc., etc., according to whether you liked your rumor hot or cold, sunnyside up or "turned-over." These were busy days for old Mrs. Rumor—the busiest since those June days at Meade. The fever attacked privates and officers alike, and from Damvillers to Réville one could, in a day's walk, gather enough news to stock a dozen extras for a yellow journal.

Wounded officers, who now began returning in a steady stream, added to the supply. Lieutenant Rikeman had been told by a Red Cross nurse who knew a "Y" girl who knew the driver for a lieutenant in the Medical Department who had operated on an S. O. S. general's orderly for an enlarged tonsil—well, anyhow, he had it straight that the Division was slated to sail January 17 as escort to Mrs. Wilson. The great day came and passed—but Mrs. Rumor kept at her old trade unabashed, now ably assisted by men returning from the leave areas. For it was while on this "front" that the first leaves were granted, and the 316th began to realize there were other things in France besides mud and ruins and misery. The first contingent had an unlucky start—in a pouring rain at 1 H 00, and a twenty-kilometer hike to Verdun—but they came back with wonderful tales of Aix-les-Bains, where it appeared there was "bow-koo" this and that—especially that. Leave contingents became a regularity after that, and "combien" became one of the best known words in the doughboy's dictionary. Fortunately, it is pronounced the same in Nice and Paris as in Aix-les-Bains.

This plague of rumors came to a grand climax in mid-December with the announcement that the 79th was to start "toot sweet" for Germany to join the actual Army of Occupation. A terrific bustle of preparation started at once. Everybody began brushing up on how to say "vin

blank" or "biere, encore" in Boche, and looking up maps to see where Schmeerkaese von Limburger am Rhine was located—for, of course, it took just no time for rumor to have the exact spot the Regiment was to occupy fixed. The boys from Pennsylvania started to polish the Dutch out of their German pretzels, and great big steins with the old familiar foam atop of 'em started to appear in dreams; "Nein" and "Yah" began to be commonplaces of conversation; Headquarters Company and a few other outfits actually packed up, rarin' to go—and then, blooie; old Mrs. Rumor laughed a loud, boisterous horse laugh and the move was over before it began.

Christmas, 1918, found the 316th Infantry comfortably settled, spick and span and in high morale, despite that homesick feeling which wouldn't down. Orders to move had arrived—the direction was south—one step nearer home, or so it seemed in everyone's mind—and the thought helped make the holiday more cheerful. Two months before, that Christmas would have seemed a wild dream. True, there was no turkey, there were no cranberries or pumpkin pie—but the "Y" and company funds had provided heapfuls of tasty substitutes and that same reverent feeling of gratitude which pervaded Thanksgiving Day was again present beneath the surface of things. None realized better than the men who had been in the thick of the fighting the wonderful fortune that was theirs; and under the boisterous exterior was a spirit devout and humble. That spirit filled the church at Peuvillers when Chaplain Goodwin held services Christmas morning and echoed in the carols of a doughboy choir.

There is a stone outside the church of Peuvillers inscribed in German characters. The subscription caught the eye of General Evan M. Johnson, Brigade Commander, as he was leaving the church, and in a somewhat amazed tone he read it aloud:

"To friends and foe, who died for their country, this stone is dedicated. May they be united in death," and under it the name of a German regiment.

"A sentiment worthy of any true fighting man," said the General.

Christmas brought a cheering message from the Division Commander and a promise of "home soon." This message was conveyed in a neatly printed folder which will be a prized souvenir years from now as a memento of a memorable holiday. It showed the Division Commander not unmindful

of the fact that home was once again in the minds of all. General Kuhn wrote:

"To the Officers and Men of the 79th Division:

"This, the second Christmas in the life of the 79th Division finds you far from home and friends in a foreign land. Your thoughts are with those near and dear to you across the water as their thoughts are with you. This Christmas setting is indeed a strange and unusual one for many of you who for the first time in your lives are not celebrating the holiday season with your families.

"Your presence here is in a just and righteous cause and the sacrifices you have made and are still making are for the benefit of all civilization and future generations. The Dawn of Peace has come and with it the time of your return to your country and home draws near.

"In wishing you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year your Division Commander desires to express his appreciation for your gallant conduct in battle and for your faithful services, both at home and abroad.

"Your conduct has been excellent, even under trying conditions, and your Division Commander trusts that one and all will strive to maintain the high reputation justly earned by the 79th Division."

Two days later found the command on the move—away from the front and its searing memories—toward billets and vin shops and mayhap "oofs." Whenever in the distant years the 316th Infantry thinks of battle and sudden death its thoughts will turn first to Montfaucon and 378, and then to that road of desolation stretching from Damvillers to the hills of Verdun. That road runs through a land bathed in French and American blood—a section that tourists will view with much the same feeling as Americans view Gettysburg. "On ne passe pas" is written in valley and hill—the landscape for miles around bears witness in a myriad shell-holes, in slaughtered forests and macerated villages, to the unconquerable spirit that stemmed the hordes of the Crown Prince and tumbled autocracy to its ruin. The struggles of over four years are written there as plainly as the characters in a child's spelling book. Innumerable graves on both sides of the road; bare remnants of once contented villages—Vacherauville, where Division Headquarters was located, with its collection of German guns, testifying to American victories, and now a huddle of crushed stones with naught

but a crudely painted sign to tell that here a town once flourished; Samogneau, a dreary rock-strewn blank of misery, as if a giant chemist had ground it to powder and strewn it to the four winds; Bras, eloquent in every ruin of French heroism and devotion; and finally Verdun and the Jardin Fontaine barracks in Thierville, whose halls still echoed the tramp of thousands of France's bravest. That march will not soon be forgotten. Along its route was epitomized all of war. There is a sign along that same road which pointing to the front says, "Glorieux" and to the rear, "Regret." It indicates two towns, but to American soldiers marching by, it seemed significant of the whole soul of the allied cause—"Glory, ahead; regret, behind."

After a night in the Jardin Fontaine barracks the march was resumed the next morning. It's an axiom that when the 316th hikes it rains, and it did that day—a cold, pitiless, driving torrent that mocked at slickers and field shoes. It was a wet and weary lot that tumbled into the Souilly area billets (midway between Verdun and Bar-le-Duc) but it was a step nearer home, and that thought kept morale high. The front was at last definitely put behind, and with genial Miss Vin Blanc to help, the command again started to make itself comfortable. If some day, back in Reading or Columbia, you get tired of life and want to make a speedy exit to the next world, step up behind a couple of ex-doughboys and say in a loud voice (just like a lieutenant): "Fall out on the right of the road and make yourself comfortable"—but that's another story.

X

In "Vin-Blank" Land

From Peuvillers and Réville to Heippes was a transition from Boche barracks to French. The front—our front—was put behind, but there were fleeting signs in the Souilly area that said as plainly as the shell-holes at Verdun, "Here once passed the Boche." For it was in this area that the German pincers in 1914 failed to close and the plan to cut off Verdun frustrated. Crosses mark the hillsides all about Souilly and Heippes and Rambluzin. The old lady from whom one seeks "*quelque chose à manger*" remembers quite vividly those few days when Prussians were her unwelcome guests, and here and there a house lies in solitary ruin.

So the end of the year found the Regiment once more making spotless towns—this time out of Heippes, Rambluzin, Issoncourt, Seraucourt, Rignaucourt and Deuxnouds. Building, rebuilding, scouring, cleaning—rapidly the Regiment took on new vigor and snap, while a veritable flood of theatricals and unprecedented "Y" activity sent morale soaring. Company K, which under Lieutenant Sheridan's guidance had started the theatrical ball a-rolling at Peuvillers, soon had emulators in Headquarters Company, the First Battalion and Second Battalion troupes. And of outside shows there were no end, artillery, machine gun, engineer and pioneer outfits supplying entertainments that rivaled in vivacity and "pep" the best on Broadway, or, at any rate, seemed to. It looked as if the A. E. F. was plumb full of actorines in those days, and a lot of them were good, judged even by professional standards. Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth and her daughter brought messages to the men from the women of America, and captured for themselves a place in the hearts of the Regiment.

Drilling and cleaning up and theatricals did not interfere with the relentless war on the cootie, a particularly vicious species being found in the barracks and billets that once had been occupied by Soldats Français. An ordinary hot bath, and an immersion of equipment in torrid water, seemed merely to mildly amuse the cooties of Heippes, and hardly

annoy his brother at Issoncourt. Rules of international warfare were discarded, and against gasoline attacks and anti-cootie tanks the cootie army finally began to waver so that by the time the next move was made the keenest of Major Cornwell's sleuths were unable to find a single one on American territory. This victory—one of the most notable in the war—gave great satisfaction to Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke. It demonstrated that his insistence on range work, shooting morning, noon and afternoon (including one mournful Saturday) had so developed the eyes and accuracy of the 316th that not even a cootie could escape them.

As to range-work, the Regiment went to it with a vim under the guidance and constant encouragement of Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke who was now in command, Colonel McCaskey taking the brigade. Ranges were constructed by each battalion, and target practice was carried out with an earnestness that converted many a hitherto poor shot into an expert. The good results obtained were early indicated in the fact that on the Divisional Team the 316th had far more than pro-rata representation.

About this time also the salute began to figure in memoranda and bulletins, and occasionally in orders. Elbows that had grown a little bit rusty at the front and hadn't quite recovered were given an extra dose of oil and polish and soon were in fine working order, so that even First Army inspectors passing through in March were impressed by the snap and precision and unfailing regularity with which officers and men of the 316th Infantry—and other 79th Division units—rendered the military salute.

It may have been the approach of spring, which in civil life turns a young man's fancy to thoughts of love, or visions of home, but whatever it was, the Regiment, with the passing of winter assumed a brisker, snappier appearance than ever before. In January the six months gold stripe made its appearance, joining in many instances a more exclusive brother on the right. The homesick feeling had no outward effect on morale which was higher than ever. Athletic events proved the high spirit prevailing, the Regiment winning the divisional meet by a half point—half a point being as good as a mile. No New England housewife could have done a more thorough job than Captain Christensen performed with the Regiment's transportation. Under the Supply Company's ministrations, vehicles were changed from old to new over night, and kept that way by daily baths and massages, just

like a theatrical queen. Horses, that when turned over to the Regiment looked as if they would die on the morrow, blossomed out in sleek and shiny coats with the latest thing in haircuts. Equipment was cleaned like the front steps of a Philadelphia house, and in the horse shows and transportation shows that followed, the 316th won high commendation. In the brigade motor show the Regiment won almost every first, and by this time the Regiment's reputation for being "some outfit" was well established. There was a snappy alertness, a vigorous on-the-job-ness about the entire Regiment that spoke volumes for the methods introduced by Colonel McCaskey and ably emulated by Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke.

All the while, of course, the ordinary routine of the soldiers' life was not neglected. Maneuvers and terrain exercises were numerous, and umpires noted, with something like surprise, the interest displayed and the expert manner in which they were carried out. There was mighty little of the naturally expected "peace time" lassitude. Hill 321 near Heippes was taken with as much vim as though Boche had held it, and the woods round about were cleaned up as if a German lurked behind every tree. Experience—the greatest of teachers—had impressed his lesson well. The sharp, sinister tat-tat-tat of the machine gun was simulated by the raucous rattler, but there was no simulation about the advance of the 316th battalions. They were the real thing—as officers would have liked to see them performed under fire and as the men now realized they should have been.

Maneuvers finally, to a great extent, gave way before a veritable epidemic of schools that began to rage all through the A. E. F. and did not spare the 316th. Knowledge—all kinds—how to build a sewer and how to write a poem about your best girl's eyes—how to say "I love you" in French, and the difference between cents and centimes—how to raise grapefruit on Third Avenue, Manhattan, or genuine Cuban tobacco in Lancaster—knowledge, wisdom, learning, all kinds and degrees, how it did flourish those spring months in battalion schools, regimental schools, divisional schools, A. E. F. schools, French and English universities, etc., etc. Also the school of the soldier and the squad, for about this time the New I. D. R. made its appearance, and the Yanks learned with sorrow and surprise that hereafter the "top" stood six paces in front of the company instead of three, and other vital changes like that.

The Regiment on March 1 numbered 2,647 men and 109 officers—many of these representing returns from hospitals. A good percentage of this 2,647 attended the specialty schools, and a large number was usually on leave. Three-day permits to the French capital were available, and the waiting list was always as long as the week before pay day. It was about this time Paw and Maw over in the States began to wonder how they were going “to keep him down on the farm after he had seen Paris”—some problem, what? The trips to Paris—and to Nice for that matter—were part of the A. E. F.’s educational course, although it didn’t say so on the program. This particular education came high, but officers, non-coms, and bucks, all agreed it was worth it.

Schools, entertainments, athletics, leaves—none of them interfered with details—road, stone, water, kitchen, etc., etc. The period the 316th spent in the Souilly area will in future French history be known as the time of the Great Scourge—when the God of Cleanliness vented his wrath on the venerated accumulations of ages. Major Cornwell was the prophet of this deity and Major Strong of the First Battalion, Major Gwynn of the Second, and Major Macrorie of the Third, able disciples. By some mysterious and sacred system the standing of each organization was announced weekly, and competition was keen, with honors about even. Manicures in the U. S. A. will do a flourishing business with the K. P.’s and mess sergeants, if the lessons of the medical inspectors are remembered.

The approach of the end of March saw the Regiment once again packing up for another lap on the road toward home and mother. Some 100 kilometers of strenuous hiking loomed ahead, but it was a cheerful, singing, spick and span aggregation that pulled out on the morning of March 28 for the Andelot area—for the gently rolling stretches of beauty in the northern Haute Marne, as the “Lorraine Cross” remarked, optimistically saying naught of the mud that lay between these vistas of loveliness.

XI

Out of the War Zone

There could have been no better demonstration given of the vast strides in fitness and morale which the Regiment had made under Colonel McCaskey and Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke than that march to the Andelot Area, near Chaumont and "G. H. Q." It was a veteran, high stepping outfit that knew its worth and looked it, which left the Souilly Area, and five days of exhausting marching in rain and sleet failed to dampen its ardor or crush its spirit. Through that string of towns, 104 kilometers long from Heippes to Orquevaux, they marched as became a victorious army going home, gaining the commendation of the Division and Brigade Commanders and critical army inspectors who reported with unreserved admiration on the splendid march discipline and the constant evidence of high morale. They left along that winding trail through Rembercourt, Vavin-court, Naives, Stainville, Bure, and a score of other villages, a famine in "oofs" and "pom freet" and "vin blank," but a last impression that will leave a picture in the minds of all French who saw it not unworthy of American traditions. That one of the principal lessons of battle experience—the importance of liaison—had been well learned was shown in the prompt reports of arrivals and departures made to higher headquarters by the Regimental Commander. This attention to detail gained special praise from Brigade and Division. There was during that march an indefinable something present which made a jest of sleet and snow and mud—that elated spirit which every able commander strives to instil into his troops and which the 316th possessed to an extraordinary degree.

The entire division won praise for this truly remarkable march, and the Brigade Commander, Colonel McCaskey, expressed special commendation for the 316th in the following letter:

“Headquarters 158th Infantry Brigade, A. E. F.
4 April, 1919.

From Commanding Officer, 158th Infantry Brigade.
To Lt.-Col. George Haedicke, Commanding 316th Infantry.
Subject—March to new area.

1. The Brigade Commander desires to express his appreciation of the splendid showing made by your command in its recently completed march from the Souilly Area to the Andelot Area. At all times when the troops of your command were under his observation, all standing orders were being complied with, resulting in excellent march discipline, and the high morale existing among both officers and men in spite of adverse weather conditions is splendid evidence of the esprit of the Regiment.

Very truly yours,
GARRISON McCASKEY,
Colonel, Infantry, U. S. A.”

That hike was a vivid contrast to the march from Damvillers, for as the column drew away from Bar-le-Duc the imprints of war seemed gradually to roll back like a receding wave, and when on April 1 camp was established in the Andelot Area, it was in a district free from the scars of Mars. Orquevaux, Regimental Headquarters, nestles like a fairy village amidst majestically clad hills, with princely chateaux overlooking green valleys through which run as limpid streams as ever dazzled a fisherman's eye. All about this gem of a village the land lies serene and calm as though the breath of four years of war had touched it as little as the smiling valleys of Lebanon. For the first time since those days in the woods beside historic Verdun, the 316th looked not on decaying signs of war. Trampot, Chambrancourt, Leurville, and Busson all had comfortable barracks.

But as brilliant a spectacle of war as any ardent painter might desire was staged in this domain of peace within the next few days; for on April 17 came the review of the Division by General Pershing—the climax of the 79th's sojourn in France. There has been much wailing and gnashing of teeth by popular writers over the vanishing of the picturesque in modern war, but it took a jaded spirit indeed to view without a thrill that march-by of the hosts under General Kuhn, bayonets flashing and bands blaring. Every private, every officer had made frantic preparations to meet the high standards known to be set by the American

Commander-in-chief. Every bayonet blade gleamed like a flash of subdued flame unquenchable in the rain, helmets gleamed spotless as a careful housewife's pans; uniforms showed little of the wear and tear of campaign days.

Of course, it rained. But it would have taken more than all the torrents in all the heavens to spoil that review, and the downpouring rain seemed only to add to the impressiveness of the scene. The Regiment was lined up in a line of battalions in close column, each company in a column of platoons. The Third Battalion under Captain van Dyke (Major Macrorie being at school) was on the right; then the Second under Captain Kirkpatrick (Major Gwynn being on a special mission) and the First under Major Smith (the former Commander, Major Strong, attending artillery school). The command caught its first glimpse of their chief as a blare of bugles heralded his approach with his personal staff, all mounted. This is not the place for a eulogy of the Commander-in-chief, but it is not amiss to say that every man in the Division, as he later viewed that erect, gallant, striding figure, sensed something behind those keen eyes, and saw in their leader the American army personified and idealized. After a breakneck gallop around the entire Division, General Pershing started his dismounted inspection of the line troops, the 316th being the first infantry regiment to be inspected.

As Colonel McCaskey, in command of the Brigade, advanced to report, the Commander-in-chief, with a democratic "Hello, McCaskey," stretched his hand forth for a hearty handclasp—as befitted a meeting of old campaigners. In turn Lieutenant-Colonel Haedicke and the First Battalion commander reported, and the inspection of the companies began—the platoons being in open ranks faced toward each other for the occasion. There was never a more auspicious start, for, as Lieutenant Charles M. Sincell of Company K fell into step, General Pershing remarked heartily, "Lieutenant, your personal appearance is a splendid example to your men."

At a swift pace that made company commanders hustle to keep up, the inspection continued. With a swift glance of appraisal, General Pershing commented on this man or that who particularly caught his eye, paying especial attention to men with wound chevrons and questioning many of them.

"In what action did you get that?" he would ask, and when the reply came, add, "Be proud of it—as we all are—the symbol of America's sacrifices," or similar words of encouragement or praise.

Thus to the Second Battalion and to the front, every unit passing the inspection with flying colors and making a marked impression on the veteran generals who accompanied the Commander. There is one man in G Company who won't forget that day for many years, for General Brewster, of the Inspector-General's Department, stopped before him and said so that all could hear, "The best looking soldier I have seen in the American army."

The decoration of the colors with the battle ribbons and the presentation of Distinguished Service Crosses followed. And then the march-by! Never a braver sight than those massed columns—16 platoons abreast—surging with steady step through a sheet of mist, for the rain had lifted for a moment, heads erect, shoulders back, eyes straight to the front except as they passed the reviewing stand and came to a smart "eyes right," then front, and double time and away. A spectacle not to be forgotten and one that moved to admiration even the cynical camera-man, nonchalantly turning the crank that registered the glory of that march for future generations. The might of a righteous cause triumphant arrayed in all its armor, a panorama to inspire a Walter Scott.

General Pershing was generous in his praise of the Division's splendid showing in his address to the officers at the conclusion of the review. He conveyed the thanks of the A. E. F. and the nation at large, as well as his own, to the division for the heroic part it had played in the Meuse-Argonne battle, and declared that the day's demonstration convinced him that if called upon again the 79th would make an even finer record.

"Impress upon your men," he said, "that each and every one who did his part no matter how humble, shares in the glory of the great accomplishment. Let each view the work of the whole and let none hereafter discount the sum of America's part in this war. America won the war; it was the arrival of you and your comrades at a time when allied leaders were beginning to doubt their ability to crush Germany, that turned the scales and sealed the doom of autocracy."

In conclusion General Pershing hoped the Division would soon be home to receive the acclamation of their countrymen, which, he added, was so well deserved.

Three cheers for the Commander-in-chief were given with a will, at General Kuhn's signal, and the climactic event of the 79th's stay in France was at an end.

April 13th, the day after the review, General Pershing sent the following letter to General Kuhn, giving credit for all time to the 79th Division for the capture of Montfaucon:

“My dear General Kuhn:

“It afforded me great satisfaction to inspect the 79th Division on April 12th, and on that occasion to decorate the standards of your regiments, and, for gallantry in action, to confer medals on certain officers and men. Your transportation and artillery were in splendid shape, and the general appearance of the Division was well up to the standard of the American Expeditionary Forces. Throughout the inspection and review the excellent morale of the men and their pride in the record of their organizations was evident.

“In the Meuse-Argonne Offensive the Division had its full share of hard fighting. Entering the line for the first time on September 26th as the right of the center corps, it took part in the beginning of the great Meuse-Argonne Offensive. By September 27th it had captured the strong position of Montfaucon, and in spite of heavy artillery reaction, the Bois de Beuge and Nantillois were occupied. On September 30th it was relieved, having advanced ten kilometers. It again entered the battle on October 29th, relieving as part of the 17th French Corps, the 29th Division in the Grande Montagne Sector to the east of the Meuse River. From that time until the Armistice went into effect, it was almost constantly in action. On November 9th, Crepion, Wavrille, and Gibericy were taken, and in conjunction with elements on the right and left, Etraye and Moirey were invested. On November 10th, Chaumont-devant-Danvillers was occupied, and on November 11th, Ville-devant-Chaumont was taken, a total advance of $9\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers.

“This is a fine record for any division, and I want the officers and men to know this, and to realize how much they have contributed to the success of our arms. They may return home justly proud of themselves and of the part they have played in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.”

XII

Home

After the grand review, "Let's go" became the regimental watchword, and on April 26th and 27th the Regiment bade farewell to its charming villages about Orquevaux, and marched without packs to Rimaucourt to entrain. This was soldiering de luxe, to step forth unburdened, and then to find man-size American box-cars. The Augean task of cleaning Rimaucourt entailed a slight delay, but even this was forgotten when finally the "captured" German pianos of the companies were "jazzing" aboard the box-cars.

A two-day trip carried the Regiment through the garden-spot of France, the Loire-Inferieure, into the Nantes Area, headquarters being established in Clisson. The short time spent in this beautiful region was most profitably devoted to sprucing up for the Inspector, but also to high-living, "oof" sandwiches being available for seventy-five centimes. Several new officers were assigned to the Regiment, and well-deserved promotions were made among the officers and men. It was here that Lieutenant John G. Kerlin, aid to Colonel McCaskey while he commanded the 158th Brigade, died of pneumonia, to the great sorrow of the Regiment.

All the numerous inspections were easily passed, and on May 15th the Regiment entrained for the neighboring port of St. Nazaire, arriving the same afternoon. At Camp No. 1 the delousing plants steamed until midnight on stowaway cooties, and the final rigorous physical inspection was held. All the inspectors were loud in their praises of the 316th, for appearance, efficiency and speed. On the morning of the 16th the men marched to the port, and that very afternoon boarded the U. S. S. *Texan*, excepting part of the Third Battalion, which boarded the *Kroonland*. At dusk, while the chimes of St. Nazaire were sounding the Angelus over the waters, the Regiment moved out to sea. Homeward bound! It was really true. Behind, mud and rain and battle, but withal, lovely France; ahead, America, wonderful America, and home.

The good ship *Texan* fared badly at the start, making only ninety-six miles in a storm the third day out, but Colonel McCaskey, who had returned to the command of the Regiment, said the transport comforts were the best he had ever seen. The tense waiting of the voyage reached a climax of emotion on May 29th, when the Regiment sailed up the Delaware, and passing League Island Navy Yard, docked at 3 p. m. at Snyder Avenue Wharf in Philadelphia.

The Red Cross served an abundance of ice cream, cake, and coffee, the first ice cream the men had had for a year. Yes, it was America. At five in the afternoon the Regiment was aboard trains for Camp Dix, New Jersey, and at eight were marching into barracks. The wind-up at Camp Dix was far from dramatic; but it was the efficient and matter-of-fact conclusion of a good work well done. To the great joy of the men, they were allowed to see their relatives and friends, and even to leave the Camp. Surplus equipment was turned in, final delousing and inspections were undergone, and all discharge papers prepared. The prayers of Philadelphia for a parade by the Regiment could not compete with the attraction of the home fires, and the parade proposition was voted down. On June 3d western contingents were entrained for western camps, and between June 7th and 9th, the demobilization of the Regiment was completed.

The 316th is dead, but nay, long live the 316th! Less than two years before it had come to life. Only a year before, with newly recruited ranks, it had gone overseas, an untried National Army Regiment. Followed the Argonne and the Meuse, and out of the furnace of battle and death came gold. As the Regiment had come together without blare of trumpet, so it separated without parade and pageantry. But it is not dead. Its spirit is consecrated to Eternity in the fields of France, and its spirit walks abroad in the land in stalwart American manhood, the spirit to fight for America and a just cause, even unto death.

Awards for Heroism

In any battle a hundred brave deeds go unsung to one that wins the acclaim which is its due. But that is in no sense a depreciation of those whose merit does gain attention. The Distinguished Service Cross and Croix de Guerre awards in the 316th Infantry represent honors deserved—honors won by lofty adherence to the highest traditions of the battlefield. But none know better than the winners that many a man lies buried in the Bois de Beuge or on Hill 378—or marched in the column to bid adieu to France—equally valorous, equally worthy of honor. They know that honor paid to them is honor paid to the Regiment, and their comrades share their just pride. The awards made in the 316th Infantry are as follows:

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Major William Sinkler Manning (deceased).

Captain Benjamin H. Hewit (deceased).

Sergeant Grover C. Sheckart, Company C, 316th Infantry.

Sergeant Harold P. Rumberger, Company B, 316th Infantry.

Sergeant Samuel E. Phillips, Company B, 316th Infantry.

Corporal Charles H. Kidd, Company E, 316th Infantry.

Corporal Guy M. Habecker, Company I, 316th Infantry.

Corporal Herman G. Paustian, Company D, 316th Infantry.

Corporal John Wilkins, Machine Gun Company, 316th Infantry.

Private First Class Clarence Frey, Headquarters Company, 316th Infantry.

Private First Class Thomas Morris, Company I, 316th Infantry.

CROIX DE GUERRE

Major Paul D. Strong, 316th Infantry.

Captain Carl E. Glock, 316th Infantry.

Captain Mowry E. Goetz, 316th Infantry.

First Lieutenant Harry S. Gabriel, 316th Infantry.

Corporal Guy M. Habecker, Company I, 316th Infantry.

Corporal Herman G. Paustian, Company D, 316th Infantry.

Corporal John Wilkins, Machine Gun Company, 316th Infantry.

Private First Class Clarence Frey, Headquarters Company, 316th Infantry.

Notice to Members of the Regiment

Many letters accompanying orders for this book speak in favor of some form of permanent 316th Infantry Association. The purpose of this association would be to facilitate the members of the Regiment in keeping in touch with each other, and to perpetuate its history and the memory of its honored dead. The possibility of future reunions is also mentioned toward the same end, and a grand initial meeting suggested in Philadelphia on September 26, 1925. There is no desire to conflict with larger associations, such as the American Legion, but rather a purpose to perpetuate the identity of the Regiment in the causes named above.

In order to have immediately a bureau of information and a clearing-house for suggestions, the undersigned offers his services as Temporary Secretary. Numerous inquiries have come from parents and relatives of our dead comrades seeking information, and these letters deserve the most solicitous attention. Many men are also seeking the addresses of friends. Moreover, now is the time, while recollection is still fresh, to record interesting historical data of personal experiences, and to collect photographs. Accordingly the undersigned solicits letters which relate interesting anecdotes of marches, billets, patrols, battles, and so forth, for file in the Regimental Archives. So very many notices for this book have gone astray in the mail that the undersigned requests occasional notice of change of address in order to keep the Roster up to date.

It was beyond the scope of the present book to collect herein personal experiences, however interesting they might be. Since there was no fund at all to finance the publication, it was also not feasible to include maps and photographs nor to print a roster of the Regiment. An enriched edition, however, may sometime be possible. Whether a surplus or a deficit will remain from the publication of this edition is still problematical. A surplus, if any, and any contributions toward an association, will be held in trust to defray expenses of correspondence and of occasional notices. Members seeking information please enclose return postage.

Extra copies (additional to one seventy-five cent copy for each man) may be procured until the exhaustion of the edition for \$1.00. The book will also probably be on sale at George W. Jacobs and Company, 1628 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The undersigned desires to thank Lieutenant Michael D. Clofine and Battalion Sergeant-Major Charles J. Davitt for their invaluable collaboration in the preparation of this book.

Yours in the 316th,

CARL E. GLOCK,
1107 De Victor Place, E. E.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Formerly Captain and Adjutant.)

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